

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

Vol. CLXXXIII. No. 2382

London
March 5, 1947



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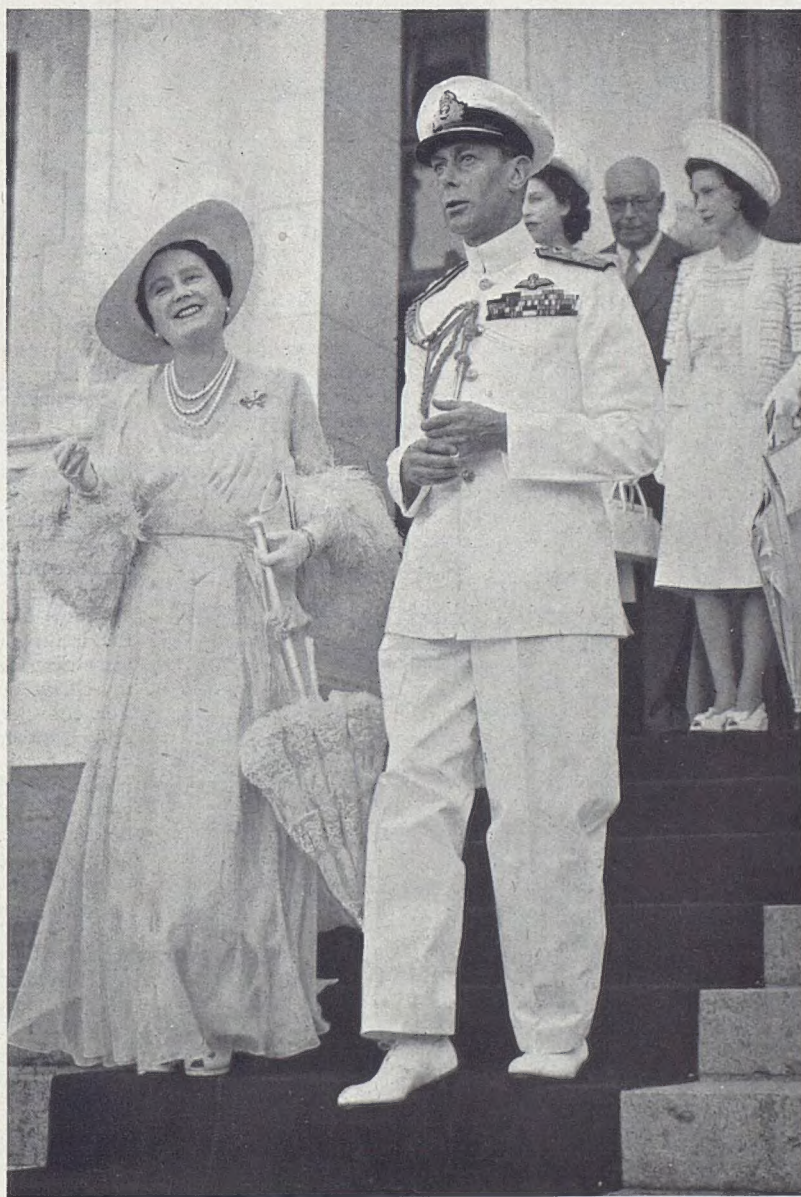
THE TATLER

MARCH 5, 1947

Vol. CLXXXIII. No. 2382

One Shilling and Sixpence

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada and Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



The Gesture That Charmed Capetown

The Royal Tour of South Africa is giving yet another illustration of the capacity of the King and Queen to grasp to the full the opportunities offered by their Imperial tasks. Here is a characteristic picture of Their Majesties leaving the Governor-General's garden party at Capetown, which expresses better than words the pleasure the King and Queen feel in their visit, and the loyal sentiment it has evoked throughout the Union. More pictures of the Capetown celebrations will be found on pages 270 and 271



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

THE Long Cold has not yet (at this writing) ended; but at least we are allowed to resume publication of *THE TATLER*, after a break of two editions. It has been a dreary waiting, illumed only at rare intervals—as at Waterloo Station on that first grey evening when the power cuts were announced: “Sir, it would appear that Mr. Shinwell has left fuel sufficient only to cook his own goose.” Inaccurate, I grant you; but apt.

Not even that could be said of much which tell from the lips of hon. Members of the House of Commons during the debates upon this sorry affair. What is one to think of outmoded claptrap of this sort? Captain T. F. Peart (Soc. Workington) speaking: “. . . What we have to do is to encourage men in this country to become miners. What about the idle gentlemen who grace the pages of *THE TATLER*, the people whose only physical occupation in the past has been to raise a cocktail glass? They are the people we want to attract into the industry. . . .” Can the bold captain conceivably have thought this a constructive contribution to the common weal?

The Deadly Word

POLITICAL infants of this sort should not intervene in debates upon matters of the most serious kind; rather should they (a) read *THE TATLER* and get both the facts and a little enlightenment, and (b) be seen as rarely as possible and heard never.

The ink was frozen in my pen

But when

I thought of thee,

Ah, it flowed free . . . !

It seems to me that we are today breeding too many mediocrities or, if that be not so, too many of them are in high places. Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in our legislative assemblies and our courts of law. In the Commons Churchill alone remains master of the invective; see how in the debates to which I have referred, he swept aside the Minister of Fuel and Power: “. . . I do not hunt harassed or falling Ministers.” Would Jack Wilkes have remained silent in the face of that? Where was the repartee? Where the lightning flick which would have turned this

mortal thrust upon him who delivered it? The shades of George Selwyn, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of Theodore Hook and of Douglas Jerrold should press much more heavily upon this generation than they do; they should *haunt* our public men and make them turn uneasily in their beds o’ nights.

Is one being a little too demanding? Maybe, maybe. Perhaps one should turn to my old friend John Cotton for a trifle of philosophic comfort. He once said, “Sir, if it’s in ‘im, it will come out of ‘is ‘ead. If it don’t come out of ‘is ‘ead it’ll come out of ‘is ‘ands. If it don’t come out of either, it’ll come out of ‘is loins. More than that I cannot say.”



Ponder Upon Eliza

JOHN COTTON also it was who said, “Women are wondrous fine creatures—but they need watchin’.”

At that the old gentleman may have been right, and to underline his point we might do worse than ponder upon the case of Eliza Spencer, that ever-loving wife whose talents as a letter-writer have been insufficiently apprehended down the years.

Eliza was a good-looking girl. She was also an heiress, and therefore a good catch for a gallant with a name and a way with him. Her father Sir John Spencer, was Lord Mayor of London (1594), and when he died on March 30, 1609, he left the colossal fortune of £800,000 which today would likely represent around £4,000,000. One and all called him “Rich Spencer,” which was no exaggeration.

Ten years before Sir John died, Eliza decided that the man for her was the young Lord Compton, whose manly attractions were not at all matched by the size of his purse. He was, in fact, hard-up. Father Spencer would have no part of this alliance and

accordingly soundly beat Eliza, told her to put the young nobleman out of her mind and prepare herself to marry the son of an old City friend, Sir Arthur Henningham. We learn from the gossip letters of John Chamberlain, who was the Walpole of his day, that Lord Compton thereupon took legal action against Sir John Spencer; it was no light matter to cross the wishes of the nobility, and Sir John was flung into the Fleet Prison for contempt and for hiding his daughter away from her true love.

From that evil place his money quickly extricated him; but in the meantime Eliza and Lord Compton were married. He persisted in his antagonism to the union and steadily refused to take Eliza back into his good graces. But a fortune was at stake, and here the noble lord seems to have moved fast and cleverly. On the birth of his first son, he talked things over with Queen Elizabeth, whose eye had not missed his good leg nor yet his pleasant manners. She thereupon decided to effect a reconciliation by means of a charming little strategy. She requested Sir John to join her in standing as sponsors for the first off-spring of a young couple happy in their love but discarded by their father.

Command Performance

THE ceremony was a grand affair, cleverly stage-managed. Elizabeth dictated her own surname, Tudor, for the Christian name of the child and Sir John boldly stated that having discarded his own daughter he would now adopt this boy as his son. At this point Elizabeth produced the parents. It was a ticklish moment, but Rich Spencer took it well. He had adopted his own grandson. So be it. The boy would inherit his money. There were kisses all round, including one for Eliza.

She must have watched her father’s funeral with a speculative but doubtless sorrowing eye. It was a tremendous affair, attended by thousands including three hundred and twenty poor men who each were given food, drinks and clothing. The paternal wealth then flowed into the tenuous Compton coffers and Eliza sat down to write thus to her spouse:

“My sweete Life,

“Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink, or consider with myself, what allowance were meetest for me. For, considering what care I ever had for your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which, by the laws of God, of nature and civil polity, wit, religion, government and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £1,600 per annum, quarterly to be paid.

“Also, I would (besides the allowance for my apparel) have £600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid) for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will, be accountable for.

“Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I; none borrow but you.

Two’s Company

“ALSO, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other lett. Also, believe that it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when



God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

"Also, when I ride a-hunting, or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

"Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches—one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women, lined with cloth; one laced with gold, the other with scarlet and laced with watch-lace and silver, with four good horses.

"Also, I will have two coachmen; one for my own coach, the other for my women's. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed, not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, or duly; not pestering my things with my women's, nor their's with chambermaid's or their's with washmaid's.

"My Desire is . . ."

"Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away with the carriages, to see all safe; and the chambermaids I will have go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with a gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country; and I must have two footmen; and my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me.

● In accordance with an agreement made by the Weekly Newspaper Proprietors' Association and the Ministry of Fuel and Power, publication of "The Tatler" was suspended for two weeks, during the recent coal crisis, in common with all other periodicals throughout the country. This issue is the first to be published since the termination of that period. All prepaid subscriptions will be extended for two weeks to cover the period of the suspension.



"And, for myself (besides my yearly allowance) I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them very excellent good ones.

"Also, I would have put into my purse £2,000 and £200, and so you to pay my debts.

"Also, I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

"Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children

apparel and their schooling; and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and suchlike. So, for my drawing-chamber, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, coach, canopy, glass, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

The Wicked Earl

Also, my desire is that you would pay your debts, build Ashby-house, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, which would have all, perhaps your life, from you. Remember his son, my Lord Waldon, what entertainment he gave me when you were at Tilt-yard. If you were dead he said, he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty, to use his friends so vilely. Also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charterhouse; but that is the least: he wished me much harm; you know him. God keep you and me from him, and such as he is. So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is I would not have, I pray, when you be an earl, to allow me £1,000 more than now desired, and double attendants.

Your loving wife,
Eliza Compton."

At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S

SLIDDING gracefully from one Arctic side of the Mall to the other, I thought this would be a suitable occasion to revisit the Envoy Extraordinary at Minister Plenipotentiary of strategically valuable Iceland, remote northern island, lying on the edge of the Arctic Circle, stormy, rich in glaciers and glaciers, one seventh covered by perpetual snow and ice.

Did Iceland, tiniest and "newest" sovereign state in Europe, share our February 1947 type of weather? At his Legation near Buckingham Palace I asked His Excellency, fair-haired, blue-eyed Mons. Stefan Thorvardsson, who looks thirty-five but says he is forty-six. Smilingly he replied that his homeland's capital, Reykjavik, had been enjoying "warmer" days, instead of the customary 29 degrees.

But he recalled his days as a schoolboy in a pastor's family of ten, who left the lonely farmstead for Iceland's second town, Akureyri (population now of 5,000), and travelled seven days by pony or four by motor boat, because of gales, blizzards, storms. Iceland's 130,000 sturdy fishermen and agriculturists have no villages in our sense, occupy an area the size of Ireland, which gives them a density of three to the square mile, compared with 710 in England and Wales, or 10,000 in Gibraltar.

THORVARDSSON left Copenhagen with a diploma in philosophy to secure his law degree at Reykjavik, where the university then boasted about seventy other students. Just before 1930, when Iceland celebrated the existence of the Althing for 1,000 years, he resigned from the Danish diplomatic service, left the post of Consul-General in Montreal, and began to help in the foundation of the Icelandic foreign service.

Three years ago Thorvardsson, proud father of a happy young family, came to London. Britons are now better aware that his people served us well during the second World War, gave us vital bases, allowed us to stay during hostilities, diverted all fish supplies

to needy Britain, and built costly refrigeration plant and special ships. They helped Allied morale and Allied victory.

The recent recall from Warsaw on promotion of Mr. Victor Frederick W. Cavendish-Bentinck, at forty-nine youngest British Ambassador, is a reminder of the arrival in London of the youngest

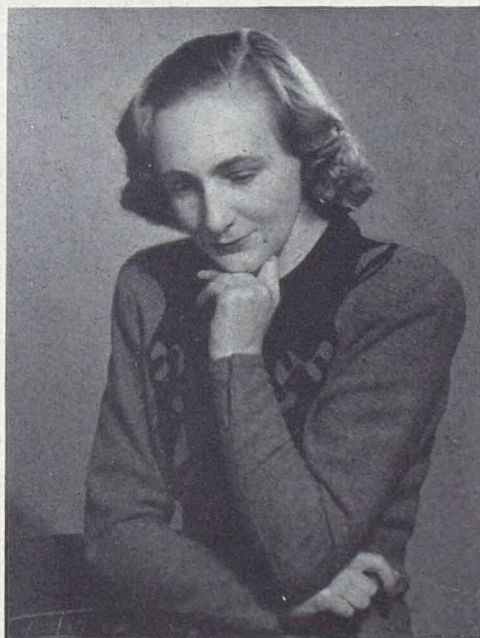
Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, His Excellency Mons. Jerzy Michalowski. He is thirty-seven in May.

OCCUPANT of one of the most difficult posts in London, the smiling, confident Polish Ambassador has had a greater series of astonishing experiences than almost any of his colleagues here. Born in Kiev to a barrister and to a doctor, he went from the Ukraine to Warsaw in 1921, and secured here his degree in law. Later, he specialized in housing, workmen's compensation law, the writing of books.

In September, 1939, as a lieutenant in the artillery, he had the privilege of being one of the few Poles to invade Nazi territory in East Prussia. After twelve days of siege in the frontier fortress of Ossowice, the brigades and staff left for Lvov, were captured by the Germans. Six years in prison followed, mostly in Woldenburg, between Stettin and Posen. ("Destiny has restored the place to Poland, again.")

THEATRES, university courses, classes in twelve languages, helped to pass the years of incarceration. Michalowski taught economics, law, learnt English, wrote a play, acted in another, sang at concerts, watched Europe's only Olympic Games in 1944.

In vain the Nazis strove to discover the editors of the secret daily newspaper, the operators of the wireless sets. When lights went off the officers listened in all the fifty barracks to lectures. In 1945 when the Russians approached, the prisoners marched five days. At night four of them reassembled a transmitter, announced their position. The Russians routed the enemy. The Poles were free.



H.E. Mme Stefan Thorvardsson,
wife of the Icelandic Minister

Fayer

George Bilainkin

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Two Heads Better Than One ?



Christine Norden, a newcomer to the British screen has been given the rôle of Jackie, a night club hostess, in "Night Beat," produced and directed by Harold Huoh

would be more like Shakespeare's character than my good friend Larry Sullivan. I can even conceive the possibility that he might be listened to.

THE other day I had what I thought was a casting brain-wave which I hastened to forward to Pinewood in view of certain rumours that that admirable studio was setting out to film *Oliver Twist* without having secured a Fagin, a Bill Sikes, or an Artful Dodger. The notion concerned the last character, and my idea was Bill Rowbotham. The result was an extremely courteous letter from Mr. Ronald Neame who quoted Dickens's description of the Dodger.

"The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer (Oliver) was about his own age; but one of the queerest looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough; and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man, he was short of his age: with rather bow-legs and little, sharp, ugly eyes."

After which he asked me whether I had not been pulling Pinewood's leg.

Whereupon I dispatched the following: Dear Mr. Neame,

But of course I'm serious about casting Bill Rowbotham as the Artful Dodger. The passage you quote is a perfect description of Rowbotham in his present performance of Sam Gerridge in *Caste*. It is exactly right for the Dodger except in the slight matter of age. But better, it seems to me, to give the character a few years more than have it played by somebody without the quality. The Dodger has got to be mercurial or he is nothing, for without quicksilver the scenes in Fagin's den will fall flat, let them be directed by a heaven-sent genius. I should grasp the nettle and make the Dodger a junior master in Fagin's school.

Since when has Pinewood grown so nesh? Let me call your attention to Dickens's first description of Joe Gargery. (*Great Expectations*, chapter two):

"Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness."

And in the film, if you please, Pinewood has this mild, flaxen fellow played by swarthy, sinister, gipsy-like Bernard Miles. The point about Joe is that he is a little boy who has never grown up, whereas Miles, like Irving, has never been young. How Pinewood can swallow this camel of miscasting and strain at the gnat of a few more years added to the Artful Dodger is a thing I frankly don't understand.

IT is because I was anxious to help that I made the suggestion. In the meantime, I would be very much interested to learn whom you are going to get for Fagin. Miles? He would be excellent if he can do a Jewish accent. He is, of course, a very fine actor. And then there is Bill Sikes. Have you thought of Niall MacGinnis? He was extremely good as Matt Burke in *Anna Christie* and as Lennie

in *Of Mice and Men*. Failing him there is that young man Michael Godfrey. Hear Dickens:

"The man who growled out these words was a stoutly-built fellow of about five-and-thirty, in a black velveteen coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half boots, and grey cotton stockings, which enclosed a bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves—the kind of legs which, in such costume, always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck, with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke. He disclosed, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three days' growth, and two scowling eyes, one of which displayed various parti-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow."

THIS is a perfect description of Godfrey when I saw him at the "Q" Theatre in *The Curious Dr. Robson*. I wrote that "Mr. Godfrey gives his drunken, loutish woodcutter a veracity of the soil that is Hardy-esque." In my view he is a good enough actor to turn the Hardy-esque into the Dickensian. But I confess I don't know very much about film-acting. I conceive it possible that if you get hold of a man with enough thew and sinew, the make-up department and the camera-man will do the rest. But I doubt it.

This is perhaps the place to say that if you would like me to supply a list of actors who would mis-play these parts out of recognition, I am at your service, with a list as long as my two arms. But it would have to be in the strictest confidence, and nothing set down on paper. And it would make no difference to my opinion if any of the actors mentioned were under contract to you at a thousand quid a week.

Yours sincerely,

James Agate.

P.S.—In the meantime who is going to play Oliver? Stewart Granger?

EILEEN HERLIE

Drawing by Philip Youngman Carter

Eileen Herlie, whose leap to fame overnight in *The Eagle Has Two Heads* is acclaimed by the critics, has the mobile expressive face which so often goes with great accomplishment. At any given moment at the Haymarket Theatre her features show her as a girl in love, a virago or a queen, according to the mood of the play. This elusive quality is a joy to the playgoer but not always an advantage to a young actress. "When I was looking for jobs," says Miss Herlie, "they used to say, 'You don't look the part.' If only they'd given me five minutes notice I could have looked like any type they pleased!"



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

The Man From The Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Caste (Duke of York's). T. W. Robertson's comedy-drama, originally presented in 1867, with Marie Lohr, Diana Churchill, Morland Graham. A delightful old-world play.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Born Yesterday (Garriick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Gleam (Globe). Warren Chetham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems gives food for thought and good entertainment.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Haymarket). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Antony and Cleopatra (Piccadilly). Shakespeare's tragedy, with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

Truant In Park Lane (St. James's). Dame Lilian Braithwaite and Ronald Young in James Parish's new play.

The Shop At Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Arthur Young and Victoria Hopper in a thriller with an unusual ending.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Caviar To The General (Whitehall). An amusing satirical comedy on Russian-American relations with some delightfully wicked performances from Eugenie Leontovich, John McLaren and Bonar Colleano, Jr.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Pacific, 1860 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance To Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operatic version of the life of Grieg. Music, spectacle and ballet and some fine singing.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Between Ourselves (Playhouse). New revue by Eric Maschwitz.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.

The Wizard of Oz (Saville). Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham and Raymond Lovell are among those in the all-star cast of this delightful American children's classic.



Rapier and Cutlass in the encounter between William Tower (Ronald Squire) and his ex-wife Millicent (Irene Brown), as she tries to beat down his resistance to re-marriage

At the "Jane"

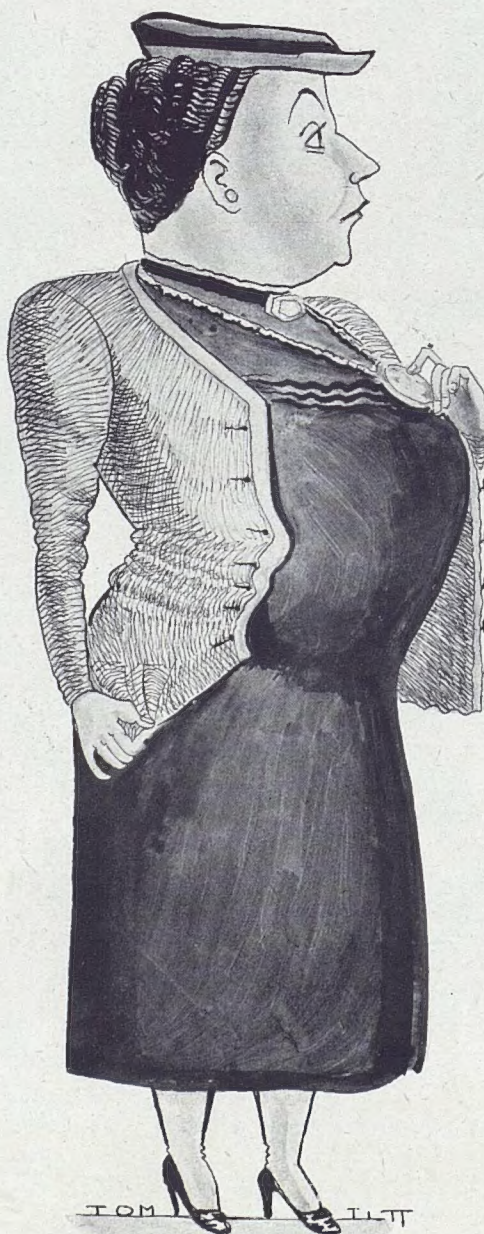
IT was in one of George du Maurier's cartoons that Lady Georgius Midas repulsed a street tout offering the synopsis of Dumas's *Dam o' Cameleers* with the words: "We have come to see the acting. We have no desire to understand the play." *Jane* presents no temptation to moral hypocrisy, but this lady would have known the best way to enjoy it.

If the piece means anything it means that Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Mr. Ronald Squire have become so adept in drawing-room comedy that now they can almost dispense with the play. Supply them with a sufficiency of epigrams and some lovers to tease, discard or pat on the shoulder, and they will go through the motions with such light, easy, amusing pretence of comedy that criticism is disarmed. Why ask inconvenient questions? As well spoil the spectacle of a graceful minuet by tediously inquiring if the dance derived from primitive ritual and might conceivably in its original form have meant something.

MR. S. N. BEHRMAN has made the play out of a story by Mr. Somerset Maugham. I have not read this well-known story, but I can easily believe that it is brilliantly persuasive in its account of how a middle-aged frump from Liverpool, marrying to the dismay of her sophisticated sister a man young enough to be her son, was transformed by marriage into the most amusing woman in London. I can also believe that if there had been a play in this narrative *tour-de-force* Mr. Maugham would himself have written it.

Even to those who do not know the story, it must be obvious at once that something is wrong with it. For Miss Arnaud, though dressed in what she no doubt confidently believes to be the essence of dowdiness, is already the most amusing person on the stage. Let any woman show a tenth of her sparkling vivacity and nonsensicality, and nobody will remark whether she dresses well or ill. If anybody does, the simple black shawl appearing on her shoulders will be declared the perfect decorative raiment.

Miss Arnaud is a great practitioner of her own kind of comedy. She is also a great perverter of other people's comedy. When she played Lady Catherine in *The Circle* at the Haymarket she completely negated its moral by presenting, not the old fright who was intended to be an awful warning to



Jane (Yvonne Arnaud), arrives from Liverpool in a fashion that was the outward symbol of tenacious widowhood circa 1880



Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Last Stand of Lord Frobisher (Charles Victor) against the devastating home truths about his career and prospects uttered so cooingly by the toast of the town—the resurgent Jane

Theatre

(Aldrich)

impetuous youth, but herself. This was a most reprehensible distortion, for *The Circle* is a comedy to be taken seriously, but nobody will mind that the lady from Liverpool never, even in the beginning, achieves the dullness that the anecdote requires. She is Miss Arnaud's idea of a frump; and that is amusing.

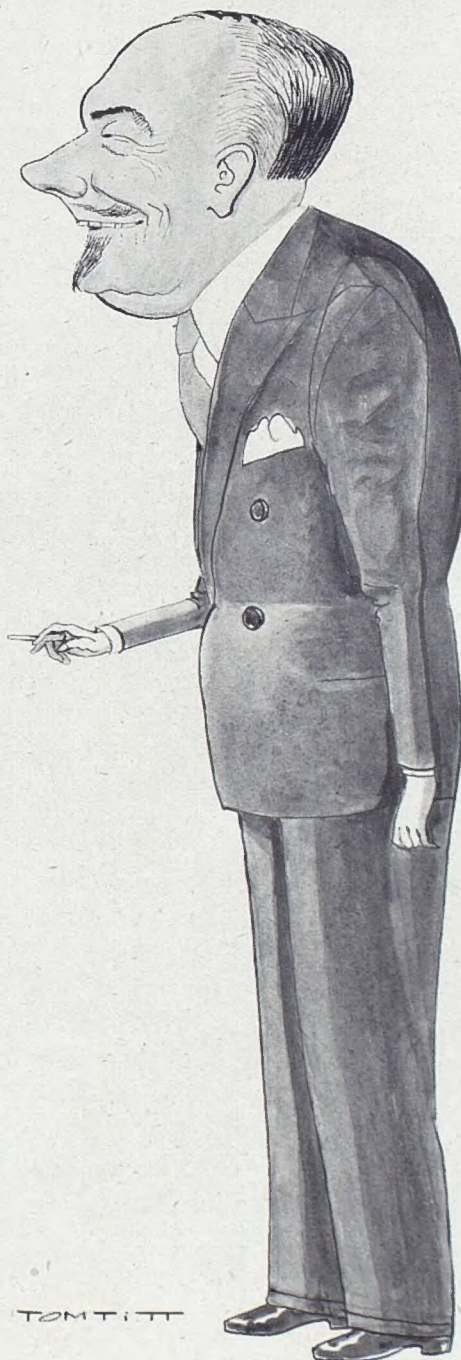
WE can well believe that this kind of frump might marry the young man who loves her, although she does not love him, and having been revealed by her husband's skill in dress designing as the most desirable woman in town, gently rid herself of the boy because she has a fancy to marry a man of her own age.

There is indeed nothing we cannot believe of such an enchanting creature. There is nothing Mr. Ronald Squire's author is not ready to believe of her from the first moment of their meeting—and he is an author very like the narrator of Mr. Maugham's stories, disappearing on a long voyage whenever the story needs an interval of time, listening with sympathetic understanding to the explanation of something piquantly unexpected and always able to reinforce with potent epigram the otherwise "bald and unconvincing narrative." Mr. Squire plays the part with an air of lazy enjoyment and a sense of perfect timing.

But there are three good performances to make the evening's entertainment. Mr. Charles Victor is the elderly adolescent who, priding himself on the number and variety of his affairs, is quietly collected as third husband of the frumpish Liverpoolian when she has decided that she must have a third. Mr. Victor takes his place with practised ease in this trio of virtuosos, which will surprise nobody who knows the varied excellence of his work at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and at the Malvern festivals of ever cherished memory.

WITH all the assistance that they may require of the rest of the company, these three polished and comfortable comedians somehow contrive to make us feel that we are enjoying a good comedy as well as good playing. The present playgoing generation has a great liking for Mr. Maugham, and here—even at second hand—they may relish the kind of wit which seems born to echo a world so much more secure and unperplexed and careless than their own. The entertainment is nearly everything of what has come to be called Edwardian.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Extremes Meet when William Tower (Ronald Squire) is introduced to Jane, but they soon find that they both like to see their victims wriggle

BACKSTAGE

WHEN the International Ballet opens its six weeks' season at the Adelphi on March 11 Mona Inglesby's company will be strengthened by the addition of Nana Gellner and Paul Petroff who were last seen here in the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo in 1938, since when they have appeared mostly in America. Miss Gellner, who is Texas-born, and Petroff, a Dane who made his debut in Copenhagen, were married in Mexico.

During the season the ballet will be seen in its first full-length production of Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, directed by Nikolai Sergueef who is also producing *La Bayadère*, a Russian classic which has not yet been done in England. The music is by Minkus and the choreography is that of the celebrated Marius Petipa.

HAVING missed none of the 650 performances of *Follow the Girls* at His Majesty's, repeating his record in his previous show *The Love Racket*, that brisk little comedian Arthur Askey is having a brief holiday. After three weeks in provincial variety as a single turn he is off on his first visit to America with his wife and his thirteen-year-old daughter Anthea who, I hear, shows much stage promise.

"Just to have a look round," he explained. "I want to see the Broadway shows and to study American radio production. Lots of American artists and impresarios have seen me over here and I have had several tentative offers. But I'm not going to America with the idea of working, though I promised I might do a guest show in a Bob Hope programme."

When he returns after a month's stay Askey may decide to appear in a summertime super-show planned to restore the Imperial Theatre, Brighton (now a cinema) to its original purpose. "I rather like the idea as I live at Worthing," he said, "and it would give me a chance of seeing my family sometimes."

At any rate Askey, who would like to do another film if a good script could be found, hopes to appear in another musical show in the autumn.

ACTOR as well as ballet dancer Robert Helpmann will be seen in the further capacity of artistic director (with Michael Benthall) when *The White Devil*, by John Webster, is seen at the Duchess tomorrow.

This Elizabethan drama, set in Italy in the sixteenth century and dating from 1612, is a lurid full-blooded affair in which Helpmann as leading man will be supported by Margaret Rawlings, Martita Hunt, Hugh Griffith, Andrew Cruickshank and Roderick Lovell. It will be followed by a new play (as yet untitled) by Tyrone Guthrie, after which Helpmann returns to the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden.

SOME time ago Clive Brook completed a tour of *The Play's the Thing* by the Hungarian dramatist Ferenc Molnar. The comedy has now been recast and revised and after another brief tour opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith during the middle of April.

The cast now includes Michael Shepley and Ian Lubbock, son of Irene Scharrer, the pianist, and brother of Rachel Gurney who is appearing in *The Guinea Pig* at the Criterion.

THE Victor Herbert operetta *Romany Love*, which opens at His Majesty's on Friday after its record season in Manchester, has an interesting Anglo-American cast.

Among its principals are Helena Bliss, who has sung with the Philadelphia Opera Company; John Tyers, a handsome Hollywood star who I hear has caused heart-flutterings in the North; Melville Cooper, absent from the London stage for several years; Eddi Kelland Espinosa, son of Espinosa, the ballet master, and Eric Starling, the Glyndebourne tenor, whose baby daughter is being christened on the day of the opening.

VERNON SYLVAIN'S new comedy *The Anonymous Lover*, with Valerie Taylor, Hugh Sinclair, Raymond Huntley and Ambrosina Phillpots is due at the Duke of York's on March 13.

Beaumont Kent.

Self-Profile

C. B. Cochran by *Charles B. Cochran*

As I wrote in a recent book, I am not certain whether it has been love of achievement or hero worship which has kept up my interest and enthusiasm in "show business," to which I have devoted most of my working life. Certainly it has never been acquisitiveness. When Charles Hawtrey was knighted he was suffering one of his frequent periods of hard-uppishness. As in the case of so many theatrical knighthoods since Henry Irving's—such an obvious choice that there could be none other—there were some who said "Why not X," "Why Hawtrey," and so on. Said Hawtrey, "At any rate, nobody can say I bought it."

I feel that my best friends and worst enemies will not accuse me of thinking only of money in my theatrical enterprises. Of course, I have always hoped to make some in following up a desire to produce a particular play, stage a boxing match between two personalities who, it seemed to me, would make a good match, or embark on the presentation of Chaliapin in an opera which he had not performed out of Russia and had a desire to do so.

At an early age I was stage struck, and, finding it difficult to get a professional opening at home, I went to America in 1891, and the next year made my debut as an actor at Niblo's Garden, New York, in *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Grease paint had entered into my soul and I was condemned to be a mummer.

I didn't say, as Jack Barrymore did to his brother, "Why, didn't I give a stinking performance?" when Lionel came to his dressing-room to congratulate him upon his swell triumph on his first appearance as an actor. My performance spoke for itself; it smelt to Heaven, but, bad as I know it was, I have since paid lovely money to actors for performances which I am inclined to think have been a shade worse than mine.

How glad I am that I realized at an early age that I was not a good actor, and how many times I have regretted that so many ambitious young men and women have lacked my sense of self-criticism? My Hungarian friend, Professor Dr. Janos Plesch, once described himself to me as "a genius audience." It was a perfect summing-up of this enthusiastic playgoer. Even as a playgoer I will not apply the word genius to myself, but I assuredly place Charles B. Cochran in a higher bracket of achievement as part of an audience than as a professional showman. I can claim to have been an industrious and enthusiastic playgoer since 1879, when, at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, I saw the great comedian Arthur Roberts as Tinbad the Tailor in Mrs. Nye Charts's pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor*. I go to a playhouse today with unabated excitement and feverishly await for the curtain—I had almost written green baize—to go up.

It is to Richard Mansfield, an actor of great distinction, that I owe my decision to step across the footlights and become a front-of-the-house man.

After a couple of years or so as a strolling player, I obtained an engagement to play small parts and act as assistant stage manager to Mansfield, then considered America's leading actor. My first part was that of Boris, a bargee, in an adaptation of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. At the dress rehearsal, I was determined to show my proficiency in the art of make-up. I had spent many evenings at the Yiddish Theatre in the Bowery, where the actors made great use of whiskers. On my way to the stage I ran into Mansfield who seized me by the arm and rapidly gave me the once-over. "Who are you?" he thundered. "I'm Cochran, Mr. Mansfield." "Good God!" was Mansfield's only comment.

I think I did my stage-management job pretty thoroughly, and I got away with my bits in *Richard III*, *Beau Brummell* and *A Parisian Romance*, when one day I was summoned to call on the star, who was living in his Pullman car. He was breakfasting. It was at Pittsburgh. Without any preliminaries, "Do you think you'll be a great actor some day?" said Mansfield. It was a surprise, and I remember stammering, "Not a great actor as you are. I think I can always get engagements."

"That's a horrible prospect. Would you like to be my secretary?" came Mansfield's reply. And that was my start on the business side of the theatre. It was fine experience. I met the great ones of the theatre, literary men, editors and all sorts and conditions of interesting people. I was sent home to England to see George Bernard Shaw, and, most exciting of all, I was entrusted to go to the great Coquelin in Paris to secure from him the *maquettes* and stage plans of the Porte St. Martin production of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which Mansfield was about to stage in New York.

I stayed some years with Mansfield and, on leaving him, made my first personal production in New York in 1895. It was Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*.

I was homesick and I wanted to break into London. I returned home. It was not easy to get a footing, but I secured the Royalty Theatre in Dean Street and produced two small plays there in 1902 without success. For a time I gave the theatre a rest, but in a few years I stopped the traffic for the first time with the sensational wrestling match between Hackenschmidt and Madrali, which drew all London to Olympia.



This was my first association with Olympia, but there were several to follow before my first production of *The Miracle*, which, after a poor start, captured the interest of Lord Northcliffe, who by a vigorous and masterly campaign of publicity increased the receipts from £5,000 to £13,000 a week. Some years before this, I had persuaded the owners of Olympia to convert the big building into a roller-skating rink for the Christmas season. This proved a popular enterprise and, incidentally, provided the jumping off point for *The Miracle* production.

An American firm of roller-skate manufacturers had been instrumental in promoting roller-skating rinks on the Continent. Not entirely satisfied with results, they persuaded me to assume the control of their establishments in Germany, France, Belgium and Holland. I found the Berlin rink a difficult proposition, causing me to spend a good deal of time in trying to put things right. On my visits I stayed at the Hotel Bristol, where I made a most useful friend in the bartender, Hermann Peltzer, who after the war (1914-18) ran an extremely good restaurant—Peltzer's—in the Wilhelmstrasse. Dining with Max Reinhardt and Rudolf Kommer there one night I told them that it was Peltzer who was the real creator of *The Miracle*. This is how it happened.

Peltzer always knew what was going on and was a regular theatrical first-nighter. Whenever I arrived in Berlin I would ask him what I ought to see. On one such occasion he told me that I must go to the Circus Schumann and see Reinhardt's production of *Edipus Rex*. I went and was enthralled. I felt that I had been vaguely thinking about a spectacle like this for many years and I left the Circus determined that Reinhardt should produce a spectacle for me at Olympia. When I went to the Deutsches Theatre I discovered that Reinhardt and his company were in Budapest and off to Budapest I went. At the Hotel Hungaria I found him presiding over a large supper party at which a place had been kept for me. When the other guests dispersed, Reinhardt invited me to go with him to a café, where we discussed until

six a.m. plans for the spectacle ultimately to be produced at Olympia.

"But the story," said Reinhardt. "Have you one?"

I had not. My ideas were in the air, but something kept telling me that it should be a mediæval mystery with music but without words. I saw Olympia transformed into a cathedral. In the morning Reinhardt sent me a card of introduction to Karl Vollmoller in Berlin, who within twenty-four hours supplied me with a brief synopsis which, oddly enough, was, to all intents and purposes, the story of the *Legend of Provence*.

OLYMPIA was always free for the Christmas season and for several years I made suggestions, or, as in the case of the Wonder Zoo and Fun City, became responsible for big shows there.

In 1914 I gratified my desire to promote boxing with two contests, the World's Lightweight Championship between Freddie Welsh and Willie Ritchie of California, the holder of the championship at the time, and Bombardier Billy Wells and Colin Bell.

After the war I took up boxing again at Olympia and at the little Holborn Stadium, where I held the Carpentier-Beckett match which drew a gate of 30,000, a figure which, at that time, had never been equalled in this country.

I went into the promotion of boxing because I liked the sport. I gave it up because on several occasions I was thrown down by boxers on the eve of a fight.

Despite my adventures in boxing, skating, the Rodeo at Wembley and a season at Earl's Court, my first love was, and has remained, the theatre. My accountants, who are better at figures than I am, tell me that I have presented one hundred and twenty-five plays.

Which is my favourite production? What sort of play do I like best? These are questions I am often asked and to which I find difficulty in giving satisfactory replies. In the theatre I make only two qualifications—good and bad. I have often said, in all sincerity, that I prefer a good juggler to a bad Hamlet, but I cannot count the Hamlets I have seen.

Although, perhaps, Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies are better known than Mr. Cochran, I have presented at least twice as many plays without music as revues or plays with music. Watching a crowded and enthusiastic audience enjoying a revue which I was presenting in Manchester, a famous sporting journalist said to me, "I suppose you think this audience is drawn here to see your show. Believe me, C.B., it isn't. It is because years ago you brought Hackenschmidt to Manchester."

Getting off a big liner at New York, my wife overheard the following:

"That's Cochran the theatrical producer," said a lady.

"No," said her companion, "it isn't. It's fight promoter Cochran."

Some time ago I was privileged to read an obituary notice of myself: it gave me greater pleasure than any reference to my activities which has come into my hands. It gave details of my career which were entirely new to me, but it left no doubt as to my character as a Christian gentleman, a promoter of British sports from boxing contests to bull-fighting and an expert in the discovering and launching of *les jolis nus*.

An obituary notice, you will observe, gives greater freedom of expression than a Self-Profile. There is more enthusiasm about it, for one thing—a touch, in fact, of "C. B. Cochran presents. . ."

If it had been that obituary cloaked by anonymity, instead of a Self-Profile, I could have said so much more. . .





Baron

"C.B."

Even the briefest survey of the career of this prince of public entertainment must suffer from an *embarras de richesses*, so many titles and recollections come jostling each other from nearly fifty years of drama, spectacle and adventurous theatrical experiment. In personality and talent alike this man of Sussex is a giant among those who would normally be his peers. From the early Ibsen to pre-war cabaret, from Eleanor Duse to the Cochran Revues, and from the *Chauve Souris* to Sean O'Casey he has had an unerring eye for the unique, the promising and the exciting. Vulgar popularity alone has never been his touchstone and this, coupled with immense vitality, is perhaps the central secret of his success and of his ability, at seventy-three, to be actively preparing new ventures

WEDDING OF MISS MARY CHURCHILL

Mr. Churchill's youngest daughter
marries Capt. Christopher Soames

IN spite of the severity of the weather, large crowds gathered outside St. Margaret's, Westminster, to see Miss Mary Churchill and her bridegroom, Captain Christopher Soames. Captain Soames is the only son of Captain Granville Soames, of Kingston House, S.W.7, and of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, of Eaton Square, S.W. After the ceremony Mrs. Churchill held a reception at the Dorchester, and the couple are now honeymooning in Switzerland.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of heavy white satin, and her long tulle veil was held in place by a crown of tiny orange blossom, her bouquet being made of the same flowers. There was one bridesmaid, Miss Judith Montagu, who wore American beauty rose-tinted chiffon. The best man was Major Rufus Clarke. Captain and Mrs. Soames will take up residence in Paris, where Captain Soames is Assistant Military Attaché at the British Embassy.

Captain Christopher Soames, Coldstream Guards, and his bride, Miss Mary Churchill, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the ceremony



Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill leave the church together. They were cheered by the crowds who had gathered to see the wedding



Captain and Mrs. Soames photographed while on their honeymoon at Lenzerheide, Switzerland

THE HERTFORDSHIRE HUNT BALL

Successful Event at Hitchin



The Saudi Arabian Minister and Sir Thomas Cook, Chairman of the Anglo-Egyptian Society



The Earl of Cromer, Mme. Faris Bey Khouri and H.R.H. Seif-al-Islam Abdullah



H.E. A. Hakki Bey and Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas Moore, M.P. for Ayr Burghs



Lady Cook with H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador at the Anglo-Egyptian Society's dinner held in honour of King Farouk's birthday



The Hon. Mrs. John Harrison with the Master, Capt. R. C. Faulconer, M.C.



Mr. Douglas Bassett, M.C., joint-Master of the South Herts Beagles, and Mrs. Bassett



Mr. and Mrs. G. Pilkington were among the many guests



Miss Turnbull, Mr. Rankin and Mrs. Gurney during a pause in the dancing



The scene in the Hermitage Hall as the dancers took the floor

CELEBRATING KING FAROUK'S BIRTHDAY

Janifer writes

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—from Switzerland

ST. MORITZ.—Having planned this trip some weeks ahead, when the time actually arrived for me to board the train for Switzerland the coal crisis had begun, and there was a very sad feeling in my heart—rather the same as one felt during the bombing when one went for a week-end in the country and left one's friends to carry on. The boat train from Victoria to Folkestone was barely heated, and although there was a restaurant car on the train, they could not produce enough lunch to go round by the time we reached Folkestone, so I boarded the Channel steamer cold and very hungry. Luckily the steward on board soon produced me an excellent sandwich.

Among my fellow-passengers crossing the very smooth Channel were Lord Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenant of Kent, on his way to St. Moritz, and Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight, all on their way to Wengen, where Lady Meyer told me she hoped to stay a month. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, with their two charming children David and Carolyn, already wearing their cute American ski-suits and thrilled with their first Channel crossing, were also off to St. Moritz, as was Lady Mordaunt, warmly wrapped in a red tweed coat, who told me her husband, Sir Nigel Mordaunt, hoped to join her a week later.

There were no Customs to cope with before entering the warmth and comfort of the Engadine Express, which seemed one of the longest trains I had ever been in when I had to walk from my sleeper to the dining-car.

NEXT morning when I woke, the sky was still grey but we were steaming through France. Then after breakfast, with the usual delicious cherry jam, we went on into Switzerland, at first not snow-covered, and one noticed how methodically every inch of the country was cultivated, whether with agriculture, fruit trees or young forests planted to

carry on the timber growing, which is a feature of the country. It was fascinating to see once again the gaily-painted houses with their coloured shutters, many new ones, I noticed, being built in the same picturesque style with apparently very little labour.

At Zurich I bought some morning papers—no French ones, as apparently the French dailies were having another strike. The Swiss papers gave several columns to our coal crisis with such headlines as "*La Crise Charbonnière en Angleterre*," "*Les désastreuses repercussions de la crise du charbon en Grande-Bretagne*" or "*Le bataille de combustible en Angleterre*." The Continent was obviously concerned over the situation in England. The practical-minded Swiss with whom I discussed the matter were all incredulous that England could have so much of her industry brought to a standstill like this.

In Switzerland they are short of electricity too. In the hotel rooms are little notices asking everyone to economise in electricity, and many of the electric trains are now drawn by steam engines. This shortage is not due to lack of coal but lack of water. Most of the power in the country is generated by water, and during the past year the rainfall has been so small that the reservoirs and rivers are at a very low level.

MY train wended its way up the snow-covered Engadine in glorious sunshine, a really beautiful sight with a deep blue sky as a background. We arrived at St. Moritz in the late afternoon. Horse-drawn sleighs met the train as well as the hotel buses, and as we went up into the town young Amazons in gay jackets shot past on their skis, while several of the very young entry were taking the most hazardous risks in the road on their luges. On my arrival at the hotel I soon learned that most of St. Moritz go to dine and dance at the Chesa Veglia on Saturday nights for the Bauernball (Peasant Ball). These are recently restored seventeenth-century rooms, timbered and panelled, with bright-coloured tablecloths, an

enchancing Hungarian band which plays many Continental tunes, and waitresses dressed in national costumes. It combines the functions of a tea-room, restaurant and night club.

Idely, the cheerful little head-waitress, works miracles fitting guests in, and then producing the most exquisite food. She will be remembered by more than one of our soldiers and airmen who were interned in Switzerland, as if they ever managed to get to St. Moritz, Idely always had a cup of chocolate and some of her good cakes for them.

Many of the guests this night were in their national costume, too, and some wearing little white aprons worked with exquisite embroidery. The dresses were bright and unusual, and the atmosphere was one of carefree gaiety.

AMONG those dancing there that night I saw Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, the Princess wearing flowers in her hair; they were in a party with Vicomte de Landsheere, the Belgian Minister at Berne, and his English-born wife. Two others in the party were the newly-arrived Mr. Alex Abel Smith with his very attractive American-born wife, who had tied a scarlet sash around her waist to add to the brightness of her dress. The Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry, who had already been out for a week, were at another table near by.

When I returned to the Palace Hotel after midnight I saw the Duke of Alba sitting at his favourite table in the lounge playing patience. This he does most evenings if he is not playing his beloved chess, of which he is a skilled exponent. The Duke is staying there with his only child, the Duchess of Montora, who recently announced her engagement to Don Luis Martinez de Irujo, son of the Duke of Sotomayor. She was looking most attractive when I saw her lunching two days later, in ski-ing clothes, a grey sweater and a coloured scarf. The Duke was also lunching in his navy blue ski-suit with an impressive display of four ski badges on his jacket.



The bride and bridegroom with the three bridesmaids, Philippa Lawton, Miranda Doughy-Tichborne and Jane Ormsby-Gore

Wedding of Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall, of Co. Kildare



Mrs. More O'Ferrall and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Jackson, parents of the bride and bridegroom, who received the guests at the reception



Mrs. S. C. M. Jackson and Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall were among the chief guests

On my first morning I came down to find King Peter of Yugoslavia in the hall and just off to Celerina; he said he hoped to fit in two runs that day. A little later the Gaekwar of Baroda, who is staying there with the Maharani and their suite, came down with his camera and said he was off to find a good spot from which to take pictures of the Schlitteda Engiadinaisa, the first one to be held since the war.

This was a most picturesque parade of decorated sleighs, the horses jingling with little bells and wearing wonderful trappings, some of them over 100 years old. The drivers and their passengers were in fancy dress, mostly the costumes of the last century, the women wearing long velvet skirts and little embroidered velvet jackets, bonnets and muffs. The sleighs were interesting too, highly ornamental, and only used on big occasions like this. The long procession of nearly forty sleighs trotting past was led by an outrider on a grey horse dressed in a scarlet coat.

AFTER this parade I went up in the funicular to lunch at the Corviglia Ski Club. It was a heavenly day, and I had lunch out of doors on the terrace in brilliant sunshine overlooking the glorious snow-covered mountains. The snow has been excellent and everyone has been skiing daily. Lady Dashwood, looking very smart in her ski-suit, had just come in from a run. She skis well and amazes her friends with her tremendous energy.

All skiers will be delighted to hear that a run has been laid out at St. Moritz by Monsieur André Badrutt and Mr. Bill Bracken, and called the Bushell run to perpetuate the memory of Roger Bushell, a fine skier who spent many winters in St. Moritz before the war. When a squadron-leader in the R.A.F. he was shot down over the North Sea and taken prisoner. He spoke perfect German and escaped three times, but was caught and eventually was one of the band of officers shot by the Germans.

André Badrutt also told me he hoped soon to arrange something in memory of the late Billy Fiske, another St. Moritz enthusiast who gave his life in the war. This will possibly be in connection with the Cresta run on which he rode so gallantly. The Cresta is now closed for the season, but there were many enthusiasts on the bob run.

THE candlelight dinners on Sunday nights at the Palace are a new and most attractive innovation. On all the tables in the vast restaurant, which always has lovely flowers, there were pots of primulas covered in blossom and red candles in red candlesticks,

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a most becoming light for the women guests.

Among those dining the night I was there was Miss Sonja Henie, the skater and film-star, looking very pretty in a black dress with a magnificent diamond necklace, huge diamond and ruby clip ear-rings and one of the very rare platinum mink coats; she had just arrived by air from America.

Others dining were the Marquess and Marquise de Parga, who were up from Biarritz, Dr. Robert Sulzer, a charming Swiss who is at the Swiss Legation in Rome, and Dr. René Jaeger, who is also in the Corps Diplomatique, as is his father, who is Swiss Minister in Lisbon. Another diplomat dining was Senhor Marchesi, of the Spanish Embassy. Gordon Richards, our champion jockey, was dining quietly at a side-table. He is a wonderful mahogany colour, and told me he has put on nearly a stone in weight. He was leaving shortly for home to get ready for the start of the flat racing season.

Dancing after dinner were King Peter of Yugoslavia with Queen Alexandra, who looked sweet in black with long diamond ear-rings and a pearl necklace as her only ornaments. Her mother, Princess Aspasia of Greece, was another visitor; she had unfortunately recently broken her leg while skiing. Princess Christian of Hesse was dancing with Mr. Thomas Snow, our Minister in Berne, and the tall Vicomtesse de Landsheere, looking very chic in black-and-white, was dancing with Prince Christian of Hesse. Only a comparatively small percentage of the guests were British, and the clothes and jewels of some of the Continental women there were beautiful and something we have not seen in England for many years.

Now on to Davos, about which I will write next week.

BEFORE leaving London I went to a very successful committee meeting for the premiere of *The Best Years of Our Lives* at the Leicester Square Theatre on March 5th, in aid of the Victory (ex-Services) Club Fund. H.M. Queen Mary and H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester have both promised to attend.

There was a most impressive attendance of members of the Diplomatic Corps at the meeting, and Mrs. Attlee, who is president of the Ladies' Committee of the Fund, was a charming hostess. Mrs. Warren Pearl, the chairman of the Committee, made an excellent speech, and Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, who also spoke, said that the fund had secured a suitable house in the centre of London for the club and now needed £50,000 to pay for it and get it going.

After the meeting everyone was invited into the adjoining room to cocktails, given by R.K.O. and Samuel Goldwyn, who is also giving the film for this very deserving cause.



Mrs. Christopher Davies, who recently married Major C. Davies, second son of the Dean of Worcester, is the younger daughter of Mr. W. T. Perschke, of Sidlesham, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Perschke



Mrs. Michael Borwick, wife of Major M. G. Borwick, Royal Scots Greys, is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison, of Hütchin, and is a niece of Lord Burnham



Mrs. George Trotter, daughter of the late Lord and Lady Edward Hay, is the wife of Col. G. R. Trotter, Royal Scots Greys, a son of Col. A. R. Trotter and Lady Edith Trotter, sister of the Earl of Eglinton and Winton

to Miss Angela M. Jackson, of Kirklington, Nottinghamshire



Mr. Parker Bowles and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, mother of one of the bridesmaids



Miss Elizabeth Jackson, sister of the bride, Mrs. Philip Lawton, Mrs. Colette Harrison and Miss Sarah Jackson, sister of the bride

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

The Alps—



Mr. T. Garrett (President, Law Society) and Mr. Linton Thorpe, K.C., at the dinner of the National Federation of Property Owners



Mrs. Eoin C. Mekie, Sir John Anderson, replying to the toast of "The House of Commons," and the Hon. Mrs. Barbara Miller



Mr. Eoin C. Mekie, Deputy Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Mrs. Harold Williams



Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Booth and Mr. Roy King were among the many guests at this successful function



Councillor Alec Ling and the Hon. Mrs. John Cavendish, wife of Lord Chesham's son and heir



Lady Anderson, Viscount Buckmaster (President Designate) and Councillor Ling



Nova Pilbeam, the British film actress, with her skis at Berne. She is shortly returning to start another film



Hearty enjoyment of the snow at Adelboden by Carol Ann, daughter of the late Brigadier Peter Smith-Dorrien—



Mr. T. D. Richardson and Major Hugo Martineau, officials at the European skating championships at Davos

Dinner at the Savoy

and Elsewhere



Mr. W. R. Porter, the 'chaser owner,
on the slopes at Scheidegg with his
daughter Joyce



—and equal pleasure experienced in the main street
of Camelford, Cornwall, by Prince Bira, Miss
Rosemary Buckley and Miss Myrtle Buckley (centre)



Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, C.-in-C.
of B.A.O.R., ski-ing while on holiday at
Altenau, in the Harz mountains



W/Cdr. T. B. de la Beresford, Chief Flying Instructor at
Cranwell, Mrs. M. V. de Satze, S/O. Diana Parks and
S/Ldr. Derrick Forde



S/Ldr. de Satze, Mrs. F. R. Bird
and S/Ldr. F. R. Bird lighting up
during an interval



Air/Cdre. R. L. R. Atcherley, Commandant of the College,
Mr. P. W. M. Dean, the Hon. T. Trenchard, Miss E.
Fenwicke-Clenell and Mrs. Patrick Dean



S/Ldr. D. Forde, Mr. P. Johnson, S/Ldr.
F. R. Bird, G/Capt. J. R. A. Peel, Asst.
Commandant, and G/Capt. R. H. Cleverley



Mrs. John Baker, Mr. James Burrowes,
Miss Barbara Hadley and Maj. R. P.
Burrowes



Mr. Roger Hunt, Mr. P. Bennett, Mrs. R. Hunt, Mr. L. B.
Ashforth, Mr. and Mrs. B. Halford, Mrs. L. B. Ashforth
and Mr. Cyril Walter



The floodlit front of the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, Lincs., as it appeared
during the Blankney Hunt Ball which was held there

Blankney Hunt Ball at Cranwell

Priscilla in Paris

The Last Musketeer



THE première of the new show at Tabarin—the home of the French Can-Can—took place with its usual tra-la-la, fanfare and popping of champagne corks on the coldest night we have yet had this year. How we shivered and shuddered for the pretty *mannequins du nu* as they smiled and postured in their birthday suits. It was all very well to give them long, curling wigs, and clinking chains of gold, but these hardly kept the draught off, and the betting was high that, by the end of the week, half the cast would be down with influenza.

This was quite a pre-war show, except for the absence of tails and "tuxedos" amongst the audience, and heavy fur coats hid the evening frocks that are beginning to be seen again. I understand that tails cost about 65 guineas in London. You are lucky; here a hundred pounds is nearer the mark.

THE Tabarin is not a big place, but the scenic effects achieved on its small, moving stage, rising from the depth or descending from above, are amazing. One has the impression that one is looking at a magic picture-book that comes to life as one turns over the pages. The theme followed by M. Sandrini, to whom the production is due, is the Creation of the World. In the earthly Paradise all one's sympathy goes to Eve. How could she possibly resist her destiny in the attractive shape of the serpent played by Alma Piaia? Then the Furies had their innings, burning up the crops, damming the rivers, destroying the villages. . . . However, all comes right in the end; the huge, golden balance of Good and Evil comes swinging down, with lovely girls as make-weights. Good triumphs, and an interval gives the breathless audience time to grow calm . . . and open more bottles.

The Birth of a Nation takes us to the Americas, Christopher Columbus leading. (Music-hall history shows us Columbus in the exquisite shape of Mlle. Monica, who has the loveliest legs we have seen since Mistinguett went into long-skirted retirement.) Quite a pageant this Birth of a Nation. Such lovely Redskins; awesome totems; gorgeous flora and fauna; fearsome sorcerers; Inca wrestlers; gold-diggers and so forth, ending up with Wall Street, skyscrapers (in some kind of decorative plastic ware), and everything that makes New York the adventuresome city it is.

The second half of the show deals with Pin-up Girls through the Ages. Seemingly I must have missed those that lived in grandma's age . . . or would Marie Lloyd have counted as one?

To go from gay to grave, I want to say how terribly sorry we are in Paris over the rumoured departure of the Rev. Dunbar, the chaplain of the British Embassy, who has done such fine work here since early in 1945. At all hours of the day or night, in all weathers, hustled in the Metro crush or on foot when the Metro was not running—for he has no car (which seems rather iniquitous when every little cinema hanger-on runs around in a small bus)—he turns out to bring help and comfort to all those who appeal to him. No distance is too far. No night too cold or wet. The British Hertford Hospital, at faraway Levallois, and the American Hospital at Neuilly, such long distances from the rue Jean-Goujon, where he lives, never ring him up in vain. He has also put the Rectory at Chantilly into working order as a rest home, where his cheery presence is a joy to all the guests.

PARIS has recently been mourning the death of Reynaldo Hahn. He was a great friend of ours. In his youth he, Marcel Proust and Robert Proust formed a gay trio known as

the Three Musketeers: Reynaldo was Athos, Robert—who became a famous surgeon—was Porthos, and Marcel, the writer, was Aramis. My husband, who was a good deal younger, was allowed to tag along as d'Artagnan.

When he was eighteen Reynaldo had already become known to the musical world through his symphonic poem *Nuit Bergamasque*, that was played by the Colonne Orchestra. He was nearing his fortieth birthday when I first met him at one of the weekly dinners given by Paul Reboux, who, with the late Charles Muller, wrote those delightful pastiches of well-known authors entitled "*À la manière de . . .*" These were men's parties, but I was sometimes invited. I already wore short hair in those days, and I used to dress up in a dinner-jacket suit, *à la Vesta Tilley*. I was sometimes taken for Maurice Rostand, whose hair was much longer than mine, and I was very vexed, being young and conceited, because he was never taken for me! After dinner Reynaldo used to play and sing. He had a charming voice. One night he sang us the stop-Press news and *faits-divers* of the *Intransigeant*, the famous evening paper of those days, improvising an accompaniment that was enchantingly witty and clever. Henri Duvernois, Charles Muller, Nozières and Gauthier-Villars were *habitués* of those parties. What wonderful evenings they were.

REYNALDO was a devoted admirer of Sarah Bernhardt, with whom he spent many summer holidays at her home on Belle-Isle. His book of souvenirs, *La Grande Sarah*, is a little masterpiece. Of all the pages that have been written about that great actress there are none that evoke her presence more vividly. He writes of the actress with all the admiration that is due to her, but he has a caustic pen when recounting her feminine foibles and tantrums. He is amusing about her "sporting" activities:

Tennis! It is not easy to play tennis with Sarah! She has a good service and vigorous returns, but as she refuses to move a step from where she stands, one is obliged to place the ball where she can reach it without moving! Maurice is very clever at it. Clairin and Geoffrey manage fairly well, but sometimes come to grief and thus provoke the most furious imprecations. Needless to say, I am careful to keep out of the way. . . .

Reynaldo Hahn's musical career and innumerable successes are too well known for me to need to recount them here. He was a great dog-lover and reader of detective novels and . . . the *Police Court Gazette*! His Scottie and my Skye were great friends. We used to swap stories about them, each out-bragging the other. During the war we exchanged all the detective fiction we could beg, borrow or steal, and we both wept when Dorothy Sayers gave up writing the books we so greatly enjoyed. We found plenty of consolation, however, in Margery Allingham.

In spite of the passing years, he never grew old, and we find it difficult to believe that we shall never again see his tall, slim figure standing on the conductor's rostrum on first nights at the Grand Opera House.

Voilà!

© Mama Moth is preparing for the Spring campaign and marshalling her forces. "Remember, children," she says to her brood, "if you don't finish off the gentleman's flannels, I shan't let you touch the lady's chinchilla!"





Swaebe

Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer and Mrs. Knight, with Carolyn-Clare and Anthony, at the entrance to Herne Place, one of the most charming Georgian houses at Sunningdale

Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., and Lady Meyer, with their children, have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight, Lady Meyer's parents, at Herne Place, Sunningdale, until their London home is ready. Sir Anthony, who succeeded his father, Sir Frank Meyer, M.P., in 1935, served in the Scots Guards during the war and was badly wounded in Normandy. After leaving the Army he entered the Diplomatic Service. When at Eton he was Captain of Oppidans. Lady Meyer is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight. They are now visiting Switzerland

A FAMILY PARTY AT SUNNINGDALE



Anthony, with a bosom friend, being convoyed by sister Carolyn-Clare, who is a year older



The King and Queen, with Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, at the Civic Ball given by the Mayor of Capetown (extreme right)

THEIR MAJESTIES' HEARTY WELCOME IN SOUTH AFRICA

Capetown Celebrates
by Night and Day

UPON the disembarkation of the King and Queen and the two Princesses at Capetown the Royal tour of South Africa started off with the fairest auguries. Their Majesties were accorded a tremendous welcome, and wherever they went they were followed by public interest and enthusiasm keyed to the highest pitch. The chief event of the first day was a State banquet at which Field-Marshal Smuts was presented by the King with the Order of Merit. On the second day the Governor-General of South Africa, Major G. B. van Zyl, and Mrs. van Zyl held a garden party at their home outside the city, and at night the King and Queen attended a Civic Ball given by the Mayor, Mr. A. Bloomberg



Their Majesties acknowledging the greetings of the crowd outside the City Hall on the night of the Ball. The Queen's dress included the ribbon of the Garter and a diamond tiara



On the terraced lawns of the Governor-General's house during the garden party. Informal presentations were made at the Royal tea-table



Movement Control

From "Laugh With SEAC" (2s. 6d.), a stimulating selection of Fourteenth Army on-the-spot humour, now published in this country



"Where do the parents think the brats' milk goes to in the holidays?"



"And this is the bathroom—which you share with the flat above"

Standing By ...

So many outrages were inflicted on the susceptibilities of Auntie *Times's* Special Correspondent at Davos during the recent figure-skating championships of Europe, so many glacial solecisms brought anguish into his fine eyes, that one could hardly help wishing all hell had broken loose on the ice, if this is not a vulgar wish.

Apart from ill-instructed judges, invading Press-photographers, and a "theatrical" performance or two, there should have been an irruption of rednosed bookies, actresses, and clowns, roast-chestnut vendors and roaring drunks in wheelbarrows, boors flourishing flagons, dwarfs and sword-swallowers and bearded ladies and cancan-dancers and harlequins and performing bears and houpla men and Pantaloons and Capitans and all the fun of the fair, making a jolly traditional kermesse-scene like a Breughels or a Teniers. Every now and again the competitors, bottle in hand, would break off midway in some complex skating figure to chase some saucy little dish and give her a whacking hug. Oranges would be not skated round but flung; likewise fire-crackers and balloons. Through all this jovial riot Auntie's pale, distraught representative would stagger like Bunyan's hero through Vanity Fair, greeted with cries of "Hello, ducks!" in six languages, amid showers of sugarplums, doughnuts, and jellied eels.

Footnote

OVER the frigidly correct arabesques of what Mr. Arnold Lunn calls the Anglican (or Stiftone) School of Skating this spectacle would have two advantages, namely a charm of its own and, possibly, the prospect of thawing even Auntie's boy at length into some semblance of humanity. Specimen wire to the *Times*, this feat once achieved:

PRESS COLLECT DAVOS SATURDAY HAVING WONDERFUL TIME STOP QUOTE MY HEART IS LIKE A SINGINGBIRD UNQUOTE STOP HER NAME IS MURIEL COMMA QUEEN OF A MAD MERRY CARNIVAL WHERE LOVE IS KING STOP IF YOU WANT ANY OLD SKATING STUFF TRY THE AGENCIES ALTERNATIVELY TAKE RUNNING JUMP INTO THAMES TRALALA TRALALA TRALALA STOP END MESSAGE.

And who shall say that wouldn't make a nice change?

Germ

NONE of the front-page newspaper stories of the Great Freeze fascinated us like a two-line item under "News in Brief" about a citizen of Torquay who was held up for an hour in a lift between floors, owing to the power-cut.

This incident is what Henry James called a "germ"; that speck of suggestion whereby the seed of a future novel is sown. It would have yielded James Joyce about 150 pages of unsuitable language, embodying everything improper passing through the head of that citizen as he fumed his hour in the lift. You think nothing improper would suggest itself to a resident of Torquay? There are times when any hotel-loungeful of old ladies knitting or dozing teems with evil to the sensitive nose, like a black thundercloud charged with sulphur, or a witches' coven. Every British seaside resort has its special type of crime, moreover. Brighton boasts of its trunk-murders, at Eastbourne ladies are carved up small in bungalows, and Whitby exults in crimes against Art and humanity simultaneously, since most of the local assassins wear ornaments made of the local jet.

Afterthought

WHAT the Torquay Crime is we wouldn't know. Possibly crested souvenir-china comes into it; a vase or an ashtray. This would emerge very early in a psychological novel, as a symbol packed with sinister meaning.

Suppose I was to pull off her wig in the lounge Oh pardon me Miss Whackerbath you old devil you hag you haybag lovely weather isn't it off for a flight on your broomstick I suppose well you see this vase a Present from Torquay yes the local arms yes very pretty yes suppose I was to say what it reminds me of no don't ring you noisy old witch don't clatter those teeth Miss Whackerbath ...

Crime in Cromer is simpler and calmer, they say, owing to all the poppies growing roundabout (cf. the once-popular ballad *The Garden of Sleep*). Not a nice topic, but what topic is, nowadays?

Hero

AT a recent sale an uncut first-edition of *Northanger Abbey* sold for £160, showing that even in 1818 there were chaps who tossed Jane Austen's work on the escritoire and buried themselves in the more exciting pages of Ruff's Guide.

The wave of snobisme and highbrowed nimble-wimble which has since enveloped Miss Austen's



masterpieces (good, at that) makes many decent chaps scared of confessing that Miss A. bores the pants off them. The chap who was given that copy in 1818 was evidently no such moral coward, or he'd have cut at least a page or two to find out why the lady didn't bow to the gentleman coming out of the chymist's shop in the High Street. If it had been *Persuasion* he might have taken more trouble, if only to find out why Miss Louisa Musgrove fell off the Cobb at Lyme Regis. Why did Miss Louisa fall off the Cobb? Don't rush it. Half an hour allowed for answering, and a neat sketch-map is desirable. Would you fall off the Cobb? Would Monsieur Blum fall (*dégringoler*) off the Cobb? Or the Tiller Girls? If you were Captain Wentworth, would you be likely to nudge Miss Louisa off the Cobb? So that's your idea of conduct becoming an officer, etc., etc.?

To return to *Northanger Abbey*, the widespread habit of leaving presentation-copies around uncut has notable moral value. It puts the booksy boys in their place when they call on their rich women adorers.

Helper

THAT citizen who recently took the pains to dial 999 and inform the cops that a car was causing an obstruction in a nearby street—the owner was duly fined—was working on the right lines. As somebody said of Voltaire, *un vrai génie de policier*. A real old sturdy Elizabethan type, we should call that helpful boy.

Whether Elizabeth Tudor's police-spy organisation, recognised as the finest in Europe, is in every way as good as modern systems we are sometimes apt to doubt. Children may have done pretty well even then by denouncing their

parents to Mr. Topcliffe, the torturer, but there was not that sliding-scale tariff of remuneration introduced by Soviet Russia and due to be adopted here shortly, as Utopia progresses. Grocers' children will be the first to get a premium for working with Strachey's Snoopers, a chap in close touch was telling us. Many more grocers will be in the can, and the Licensed Victuallers' Association will look primly down its nose, for as we all know:

The hell-inspired Grocer
Has a temple made of tin,
And the ruin of good innkeepers
Is loudly urged therein . . .

Chesterton nevertheless would have been the first to criticise grocers' offspring for having their progenitor bunged in the sneezer, and indeed the cry "I got my Pop ten years!" may freeze the smile on many a ducal lip and possibly break the match off altogether. Excuse this note of asperity.

Welcome

VALOUR and Innocence (sang Kipling) have latterly gone hence, and the Poet of Empire might easily have been referring to the recent departure for New York of the Chairman of the Travel Association; after stunning the citizenry with the announcement that he expects this country to be enriched by at least £25,000,000 of foreign tourist-money in 1947.

Maybe he temporarily overlooked what Somerset Maugham has aptly described as the "churlish indifference" of a familiar type of British country hotel, which during its brief opening-hours doesn't give a damn whether you live or die so long as you get off its doorstep. Artless explorers from the Middle West, bred up on Washington Irving's whimsies concerning the Olde Merrie Englysshe Inne, often get a rude but amusing shock this way. Our suggestion to the hotel industry is that it should lighten the fun by going Dickensy and dressing up the landlord in wig and kneebreeches, surrounded by property hams and imitation brandy-kegs and synthetic blazing hearths and all the tralala. In the office a Mrs. Lupin in mob-cap and ribbons would be absorbed in a novelette, as usual, blind, deaf, and bitterly hostile to interruption. As the baffled wayfarer is about to sink and die of hunger and fatigue the Spirit of British Hospitality looms up and waves a wand, on which a large illuminated sign saying "GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS" sums up Ye Olde Welcome and an electric guest-ejector propels the interloper on his fanny into the night.

And serve him right. Even his distant home is probably more comfortable.

Marble

THAT New York publishing firm which had to apologise to Hambro's Bank for a recent libel was apparently spared the usual ordeal of having to kneel and abase itself on a marble floor, as usually happens to people who offend banks.

On the other hand, you can often get into the good graces of a bank by kneeling on the floor at the right time. We did this once when we went into a bank near Temple Bar with a man who cashed a whacking great cheque, as a spontaneous act of obeisance to Mammon, and it went down pretty well. Another way of getting yourself favourably talked about in banking circles is to kneel by some banker's marble tomb and weep, praising his virtues meanwhile. This is easier than it sounds, since most banker's tombs are so hideously baroque—rather like the monuments erected by Henri III. of France for his boy-friends, enormous but tasteless—that tears come almost automatically. However, they notice you and it gets round the City.

The natural frigidity of bankers does not permit of any effusive acknowledgment, and only a fool would expect it, since bankers are rocked in marble cradles, eat off marble tables, and are surrounded by marble all their lives. Women often freeze to death in their embrace, but as the type of woman likely to be embraced by a banker is not very interesting, nobody takes much notice.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE rector prided himself on his oratorical powers. He was describing the downward path of the sinner, and used the metaphor of a ship drifting and going to pieces on the rocks. A sailor in the audience was deeply interested.

"The waves dash over her!" bellowed the rector. "Her sails are slit! Her helm is useless! She is driving ashore! There seems no hope! Can nothing be done to save her?"

The sailor rose in his seat, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Let go the anchor, ye lubber!" he roared.

AN anguished female voice shrilled over the telephone. "Oh, officer, two young men are trying to get into my room through the window."

"Sorry, lady," was the reply. "You've made a mistake. This isn't Police Headquarters. It's the Fire Department."

"Oh, I know that," said the voice impatiently. "It's the Fire Department I'm after. They need a bigger ladder."

THE favourite story of Walter Winchell, the famous American columnist, is about an editorial feud between the old New York *Sun* and *Post*, when both were Conservative papers. One day the very proper and staid *Post* lost its temper and editorially called the *Sun* a yellow dog. The *Sun* replied in its starchiest manner: "The *Post* calls the *Sun* a yellow dog. The attitude of the *Sun*, however, will continue to be that of any dog towards any post."

THE proprietor of a popular pie shop had occasion to discharge one of his assistants. The disgruntled man thought, "I'll get my own back." One morning when there was a fair number of customers lined up he joined the slowly moving line. When his turn came he dumped a dead cat on the counter, saying to the proprietor, who was serving: "That makes the dozen."

WHEN a man asked for cigarettes in Belfast the shopkeeper asked: "Are you an R.C.?" Somewhat surprised, but remembering the Battle of the Boyne, he said: "No." The shopkeeper said: "Then you can't have any."

In the next shop the man was again asked: "Are you an R.C.?" Again he answered "No," and was again refused.

In the third shop he decided to forestall the embarrassing question and announced: "I am a Protestant. Can I have some cigarettes?"

His remark was greeted with astonishment and alarm. R.C. turned out to be the local abbreviation for Registered Customer!

A THIRSTY gentleman wandered into a corner saloon and ordered a dry Martini. He drank it with relish, and remarked that it was the best Martini he had ever tasted. The bartender whipped up another, and the customer declared it was even better than the first.

"Such genius deserves a reward," he said, swaying slightly. He reached into his pocket and produced a live lobster. "Here! Take this with my compliments," he said.

The bartender held the live crustacean gingerly at arm's length. "Thanks," he said dubiously. "I suppose I can take it home for dinner."

"No, no," objected the customer, "he's already had his dinner. Take him to a movie."

THE woman motorist was trying to navigate a traffic jam. She rammed the car in front of her, then tried to back and knocked down a pedestrian. Then she tried to move over to the kerb and smacked into a hydrant. A policeman who had been watching the proceedings thought it time he did something about it.

"All right, lady, let's see your licence," he demanded. "Don't be silly," she snapped. "Who'd give me a licence?"



"Nocturne in A Flat" which will shortly develop into a sustained high C if philanderer Aubrey (Bill Fraser) persists in his attentions to pick-up girl Elsie (Peggy Willoughby). A scene from a sketch in "Between Ourselves," the new revue by Eric Maschwitz, at the Playhouse

Victors of Murrayfield

The Welsh team which beat Scotland by 22 points to 8 at Murrayfield, Edinburgh, recently. Standing: M. J. Dowling (referee), G. Davies (Pontypridd), W. Gore (Newbridge), K. Jones (Newport), G. Evans and E. W. Tamplin (Cardiff), W. J. Evans (Pontypool), O. Williams and S. Williams (Llanelli), R. A. Cornish (touch judge). Sitting: R. Stephens (Neath), L. Williams (Llanelli), W. B. Cleaver, H. Tanner (capt.) and B. Williams (Cardiff), H. Davies (Llanelli), C. Davies (Cardiff)



Sabnetache

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

THE first Grand National acceptance told us that seventy-four out of eighty-two have decided to pay the extra £50! There were only seven dissentients, for the eighth, Gay Warrior, died in January! This does not look to me as if Mr. D. G. Sheppard had made the bad handicap which some people were in such a hurry to say that he had. It was certain that the wiser policy was to wait and see.

I predict an equally encouraging list on March 18th, when the final lists are due. Nothing has gone out that matters very much. The much-coveted Platypus and Royal Cottage, the most prominent absentees, are both young enough to wait and fight another day, and, personally, I applaud the decisions in both cases, for a bad bumper early on might well take the edge off their courage. You and I have seen this happen.

Nerve and Nerves

THEY are totally different things. You may lose your nerve, and that may be the full-stop; but nerves are quite another pair of shoes, and people and horses have done the most extraordinarily brave things when suffering from them. I expect our doctor would tell us that both trace back to a thing called Little Mary, and that if our digestion is all right we should not suffer from either of them.

Nerve, however, means that something has gone crack and that it may be a very long process getting it right again. For instance, a succession of bad falls with bad horses is a prime cause, and the best cure, I think, is a succession of good horses who put you back exactly where you ought to be. In a case like Dunshaughlin's, his nerve has probably gone, smashed by these heavy falls, and they have induced him to believe that even a sheep hurdle will put him down. It is a most difficult situation with which to deal, whether it happens to humans or horses, and the only way, I think, is to Coué them back to confidence and dispel that uncomfortable thing, a coffin in every candle. The moment that you can persuade the sufferer that nothing is as terrifying as he thinks it is, the battle is won. Not easy, as we know, but it is the only real cure.

The G.N.—What X Would Do!

IT is probable—in fact, certain—that everyone I who has ever ridden in a steeplechase, or even wanted to, has either mapped out or dreamed exactly how he would win the National, if ever a kind fate gave him the chance of a ride. It has always been as fascinating as it is harmless to drift away into such a pleasant dreamland, and I would wager the customary National Debt to a China Orange that almost every plan and every dream has been the same from 1839 onwards.

We have had a quite recent manifestation of this in the printed page. Ride wide, says the

dreamer, all the way until you begin to make the Canal Turn, to avoid all the tag-rag, tumblers and acrobats; then, this Gamaliel says, continue wide! It is here that my own dreams have disagreed. It is all straight going until after Becher's, so X on the right of the line goes no farther than A on the left. What does X do when the left wheel begins? Is all his cunning exhausted, and has he ridden wide only to escape the mob? My dreams have said "No," because any position that will make the Canal Turn less of a hairpin than it is must be pure gain.

Look at it from the right of the line. Would X on the outside get a better slant at the turn than A on the inside? Most assuredly, yes, and anything he might have lost on the swings he would gain on the roundabouts. Any map of the course will demonstrate this. Few steeplechase horses are as handy as ladies' maids or polo ponies. If X had the luck he deserved he might jump the Canal fence a bit slantwise and go into Valentine's much better balanced than A, and this is a big gain, for the obstacles down the second leg of this course are apt to be extremely vulgar, especially the one near the Anchor Bridge.

The Big "If"

ALL plans and dreams must of necessity be governed by an enormous "If," and in this contest it is a very ugly one. X would win every time if he had the road to himself all the way and there was none of that horrible hustle and jostle and bustle and bump from the other chaps. Two seconds, even a split second, may see the upset of the whole apple-cart: two minutes in which X is not permitted to ride his race according to his plan may spell defeat.

The whole show, be it remembered, is packed into something under ten minutes, so a two-minute traffic jam is quite an appreciable period of time. We see it happen so often, if we keep our eyes open and do not look only at one horse. Usually it is what the others are doing which tells a better story than ever the one we have backed can do. There are so many little things that happen in the thick of the fray that the best race-glasses never pick up.

For instance, a slight bump going into Becher's may put X's horse on the wrong leg, and even if it does not cause his downfall, get him all wrong until the left wheel puts him on the right one again. Loose horses! We have seen what they can do, and last year gave even the unobservant a great opportunity to study them. Would anyone, who watched things closely from Becher's the second time, say that the pilots of Prince Regent, Limestone Edward, House-warmer, Jack Finlay, Schubert, and some others were free to ride their own race? The loose horses were in command, not the jockeys. Tim Hyde set Prince Regent alight even before the

Canal Turn fence, and he shot right away after jumping Valentine's. This was in an effort to get a bit of blue water. It succeeded only temporarily, for over the Melling Road they were at him again and, tiring as he was, they did a lot of damage. If this had not happened he would have been able to hang on to the lead he had stolen.

The fact to be marked is that Prince Regent's jockey was compelled to take 12 st. 5 lbs. to the front more than a mile from home and make use of his horse's fine turn of foot at the wrong spot. It never works out like this in X's dream.

Hunting Horses

ROUGHLY speaking, they divide themselves quite simply into four classes: (1) the perfect; (2) the ones that jump too high; (3) the ones that jump too low; and (4) the ones that will not jump at all. Each is useful in his own way, even Class 3, for he may come in handy for anyone who may contemplate committing the crime of culpable homicide not amounting to murder—e.g., he can be lent to someone from whom the criminal has Great Expectations, and whom he has assured that the animal could not be pulled down with a rope.

Class 1, if you believe all that you are told, is in very plentiful supply, and it matters not one whit what a purchaser may say about his "pulling like a train" or that "you might just as well have the bridle round a tree," because the aspersion will always be met by the retort that the vendor sells horses, not hands, and that he never pulls unless you pull at him. Class 2 is only awkward if there is an overhanging branch. I once knew a man who had to have his hat cut off by a penknife before he could cease being like the Man in the Iron Mask. His hat-rim was round his neck.

Class 4 at first sight may seem to be completely useless for the purpose of the fox-hunt. This is not so. There are heaps of people who can acquire merit through his agency. They hate the horrid risk of new ash rails, gates, walls, stout stake-and-laid, and so forth, but are able, if they ride Class 4, to let the jealous see them ram him along at them as if he meant to eat them in the confident knowledge that the animal has no more intention of attempting to jump them than they have themselves. Sometimes, of course, it is a bit nasty if they get knocked into the middle of next week by someone who is really on the ride; but this is the only danger, and therefore it is quite wrong to condemn Class 4 as useless. He is a tremendous face-saver, whether you hunt with the Popalongford or the Geeup and Whoapetshire. There are, of course, some other kinds of horses—racing horses about which so many people know so much. However, these can be dealt with later, since at the moment even the National is in the air.



D. R. Stuart

Squash Champion—

Miss Joan Curry, of Torquay, who won the first post-war Women's Squash Rackets Championship at the Lansdowne Club last month, was also ranked as third best player in the English ladies' Wightman Cup team last summer



—and Some Rivals

The Belgian women's squash team, consisting of Mme. Nicolle Dens, Mlle. Miriam de Bordan (capt.) and Mme. Georgette Pottier, were also contenders for the Women's Championship at the Lansdowne Club



Poole, Dublin

Two Keen Followers of the "Killing Kildares"

Miss Betty O'Kelly, daughter of Mr. B. J. O'Kelly, of Landenstown, Sallins, and her cousin, Miss Mary O'Kelly, daughter of Mr. C. M. O'Kelly, of Millbrook, Sallins, arriving at a meet of the Kildare Hounds at Kill. They are among the most enthusiastic followers of this famous Irish pack

Scoreboard



tuate his punches with little bits of Keats and nod approvingly while his recumbent sparring-partners murmured, "Fled is that music; do I wake or sleep?"

Where are the vocalists of yester-year? Jolly Jack Doyle, who first put the counter on the point and the Dear (at any price) into Dear Old Pals; and the discours or monologue-monopolists? Max Baer, for instance, who never let a trifle of fifteen rounds or so interfere with his Act. Win or lose, the Max wisecracks pattered on. When Joe Louis knocked him over in the fourth round, he called it a day from a kneeling position, and said afterwards: "Sure, I could have got up that last time. But I figured, 'Twenty dollars may entitle these people at ringside to see a fight. But it doesn't entitle them to see a murder.'"

Boxing may be beyond a Reformation, but it's not past a Renaissance. Carnera would not now be a wrestler if he'd known his Virgil properly.

SO Culture, flouted by the Fancy (and Professor Sam Goldwyn), has sought comfort and a cup of warm cocoa in the Athletic Club of a Leading University in reference to which Mr. Bernard Shaw, speaking as usual and at Bristol, once expressed the hasty opinion that its buildings should be razed to the ground and its foundations then sprinkled with salt. All is now forgiven to one who is a public monument in his own lifetime. To return to the Club—as the tie-on label says which the hall-porter affixes to the more introspective members

WHAT has become of the scholar-boxers? Flown is the Muse from rosin-reeking rings. The edge is withered from the fake, and no bird sings. Time was, as my Uncle Toby used to say with tears in our eyes, when Mr. Gene Tunney, D.Litt. or thereby, would punctuate

of the Athenæum before their afternoon stroll in the wilds of Piccadilly—its athletes, says an unimpeachable contemporary, have acquired the services of a coach who is an expert in psychology, psychotherapeutics, and psychiatry. This philosopher will study the moods of each athlete and bring him to his peak at the psychological, or psychotherapeutic, moment. He will also see that the runner, having reached his temperamental ideal, does not go backwards; because nothing so hinders success on the track.

And to think that, in the unenlightened era of Queen Victoria, one Charles Burgess Fry, finding that summer and cricket had not yet come and that winter and football were past, snatched an afternoon between knocking F. E. Smith at Latin Verse and John Simon in debate, walked down to the Oxford running ground and, in front of a few people who hadn't found anything better to do, set up the world's Long Jump record. Well, well.

IN a recent Rugby International at Edinburgh, Tradition was insulted and the welkin imperilled by a gentleman with a bugle, proclaiming to the senseless world one crowded hour of glorious life. Older patrons of Murrayfield fancied they recognised in him a misguided huntsman following the wrong sort of pack. Myself, I was reminded of the whistled football-fan who arrived with a red beret and a gigantic rattle at a fashionable Meet. As hounds moved off, he produced two saucepans from the recesses of his voluminous person and beat them together like a master-beckeeper. He then tied a leek to what he thought was the tail of a horse, but was, in fact, the riding-bustle of that old and tawny second-row forward, Mrs. "Breeches" Fowle-Kennel, once the Belle of Barking Creek, now the toast of the Quaritch Vale and the despair of her negligible husband who paints those exquisite miniatures which everyone praises and nobody buys.

R. R. Stetson Glasgow.



Two ensembles of the Ballet Jooss "The Big City," as illustrated in "The New Ballet"

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The Castles on the Ground"

"Himalayan View"

"Children of Wrath"

"The Holiday Book"

"THE CASTLES ON THE GROUND," by J. M. Richards (The Architectural Press; 8s. 6d.), is a book about the suburbs—where the majority of English people do now live. The subject is not only fascinating but also, you will agree, important: the suburban way of life being not merely imposed on hundreds of thousands but very definitely preferred and sought.

Why? The answer is in these pages. First let me quote from the first chapter ("The Englishman's Home"), in which we have Mr. Richards' point of departure:

From Becontree to Wythenshawe, from Port Sunlight to Angmering-on-Sea the startling consistency of suburban character—despite its notorious vagaries in detail—indicates its origin in the living present. It could be the product of no other age than ours.

On account of its ubiquity alone we cannot afford to ignore it. During the twenty years between the two wars, four million new houses were built in England—enough to accommodate nearly a third of the population—and a very large proportion of these can be classed as suburban houses. So the suburban environment determines the style in which—for good or ill—modern England lives. But it is not its mere presence that is most significant; it is the universality of its appeal, to which I have already alluded. If democracy means anything, it means deciding—for a change—to pay some attention to the expressed preference of the majority, to what people themselves want, not what we think they ought to want. We may despise what they want. We may think they ought to be educated to want something different, or at least to know that they could have something different if they wished, instead of their choice being limited by their ignorance of the alternatives; but we can only progress democratically at a speed which does not outpace the slow growth of the public's understanding, in particular its assimilation of social and technical change.

So, while continuing to build our castles in the air, let us not ignore those that already exist—somewhat untidily scattered, it is true—on the ground.

Suburban architecture and the suburban layout really do, Mr. Richards says—or suggests, rather, for he is not didactic—represent the contemporary vernacular; which has "the one quality of all true vernaculars, that of being rooted in the people's instincts, and even its shortcomings—its snobberies, its self-deceptions, its sentimentalities, the uncertainty of its objectives—are evidence of this closeness to everyday life."

What speaks in the suburbs we see now? Primarily, a number of English loves—for romance, for privacy, for fancifulness, for neatness, for the unique. Here speak, in small but never uncertain voices, the Englishman's concept of his home as being his castle, his wish not only to possess but to improve, his sense of propriety, and his desire to express himself—to the extent, possibly, of creating a self-enclosed dream world. Despire the suburbs?—dare we? Here we see still in flower—in an otherwise numbingly uniform age—everything

most richly idiosyncratic, most sterlingly contrary and independent about the English character.

* * *

THE suburbs do—let us face it—take up a lot of room: relentless is their consumption of hill and dale, green plain, river-bank, forest margin, in an ever-widening radius from every city; they creep ever further inland from more and more of our coast. Rationally, the argument for piling people up on top of each other in towering cubular blocks of flats (the intervening saved spaces to be converted into communal gardens) is a strong one. But can—or, in fact, should—reason cut across instinct? For better or worse, life is an instinctive affair; and, for the majority of people, life has its source and deepest reality in, and continues to centre around, the home. One prime disadvantage to a flat—it has often struck me—is that you cannot christen it: the satisfaction of attaching "Dunroamin," "Grey Gables" (in spite of the fact that you may have a flat, red roof), "Chez Nous," "Alamein," "The Nook," or even the

more old-world "Rosevale" or "Pine View" to your dwelling, on an embossed plate, is obviously a very profound one. Then—however sunshiny be the flat's balcony, however noble the view across the communal pleasure-grounds—there is, for the average Englishman, something wrong in the break between his domestic interior and his own garden. Can he, with the same passion, cultivate in allotments roses which should nod around, or close to, his door?

* * *

LET us take it, then, that English middle-class life still prefers to spread itself, to meander; prefers the sweet, rustling stuffiness of small gardens to sky-regarding heights; prefers the gable and tree-top and nearby hill dotted with other gables, cushioned with other tree-tops, to the "planned" skyline's mathematical harmonies. And how pretty, how snug, how trim, how reassuring, how strikingly but somehow sweetly peculiar the results of these preferences are! Mr. Richards frankly loves suburbs, loves to reflect on, analyse and, best of all, picture them—the gables, the gates, the chimneys, the bosage, the winding roads, the fluttering window-curtains, the shopping centres, the mid-week silence (for these are dormitory places), the humming week-end life, the showering pink-and-white cataracts of spring flowering trees, the pungent blue smoke of autumn weed-fires . . .

"Ewbank'd inside and Atco'd out"—one characteristic of the suburban villa is its extreme, lyrical neatness. This means work, but for work there is much to show. Carpets, lino, lawns—all are immaculate. Fantasy steps out of doors through the french window, to express itself in pergolas, crazy paving, stone gnomes or rabbits, bird-baths, and shapes of flower-beds. Here is the retreat from the roaring, abstract unfriendliness of the big cities; here the fulfilment of lives spent mostly, in working hours, in a depersonalising routine. The prettiness of the country without the rigours; the amenities of the city without the strain . . .

* * *

OUR suburbs have been slighted and slated, both: *The Castles on the Ground* should bring them into their own. This book, its author tells us, was begun after more than a year's absence from England: most of it was written in Cairo, but bits of it were written in Jerusalem, in Aleppo, on the island of Rhodes and in a village called 'Ain Zahalta, in the mountains of Lebanon. The cynic may argue that distance has, for Mr. Richards, lent enchantment to the suburban view. Myself, I don't think it has: it is at a distance, often, that vital re-discoveries are made.

The Castles on the Ground is a cheerful, cheering and friendly book (much to be recommended during this dire winter), but it is not rhapsodical. Mr. Richards does sing the suburbs; but also he tells their story (they were, by the way, English in origin; later copied abroad),



The New Ballet, by A. V. Coton (Dennis Dobson; £1 15s.), is a well-written exposition of the innovations of the Kurt Jooss Ballet, which has, within twenty years, set up a strong and individual tradition of dramatic dancing. The book is superbly illustrated, the picture reproduced here (in colour in the original) being a costume design by Doris Zinkeisen for the ballet *Le Bosquet*

diagnoses them as a social phenomenon, and traces their rings of growth—from the mid-Victorian to the immediately pre-war. He shows how, though plan may be lacking, style none the less evolves itself, home-loving fancies thicken, atmosphere forms. If our newer suburbs are still somewhat bald-looking, that, Mr. Richards thinks, is because not only trees but associations have not yet had time to make growth.

On the romantic side, the author's own descriptive powers are admirable. Still more has he been happy in his collaboration with John Piper, whose lithograph illustrations make the book, already of interest, a thing of beauty. Mr. Piper's genius is of a kind which makes him the ideal portraitist of places: architecture and landscape, in this case, blend—and not a touch of the secretiveness, individuality, queeriness, dearness and occasional eeriness of the suburban scene has escaped him.

"HIMALAYAN VIEW," by Susan Gillespie (Bles; 8s. 6d.), is the story of a house which had no view, no outlook of any kind, till it opened itself to a guest from the outside world. Picturesquely named (it gives this novel its title), the summer, hill-station home of India-born Major Murray, his once-beautiful wife, her two daughters and his own Eurasian son, is triste, damp, gimcrack, frowsty and encircled by trees.

Nothing was to be seen from any angle of it but trees and a path that led down to a little wicket gate, which opened on to the narrow lane that led to the motor road. True, the Himalayas ran far to the north, up into perpetual clouds, but they could never be seen, because the mountain that stood behind the house hid them from view. On the top of and round the mountain a summer resort had been established many years ago, with wooden chalets and hotels and cafés, shops, a skating-rink, a church, a hospital, and a club. On the lower motor road, below the gate of Himalayan View, was the Octroi post, with sheds and garages behind it; for this was the motor terminus. The great highway which curved round the lower slope of the mountain and swept on past the sheds down again into the far valley and the pass which led to a distant state, only touched the little summer resort at its outer fringe.

The physical scene of the story, set with such precision, appears symbolic. The Murrys and the two Kenellan girls are shut in, cut off; they occupy an ambiguous position on the outskirts of a remote and unreal society. Shelagh and Vicky, children of their mother's previous, more dashing but impecunious marriage, are totally dependent upon their stepfather—and react to their dependence in different, and characteristic, ways. As for "the Major" (as the girls call him), he is a slightly awful, pretentious, embarrassing, none the less touching character—as, indeed, Vicky sees. Darker-skinned than he likes to be, Edward Murray loses no chance of advertising his extreme Scottishness: alas, also, he cannot forgive himself for the blunder of that first marriage he made, with its legacy, to him, of the Eurasian Angus. Adoring his second wife, affectionately proud of her fair-skinned daughters, the Major is ashamed of his own son—a fact tormentingly evident to Angus.

To this household, enter Vane Culford—a connection by marriage of Mrs. Murray's. Vane—forty, attractive, clever, sophisticated and emotionally still somewhat immature—is an archæologist; visiting India, now, for the first time, he writes, proposing a visit to Himalayan View. He remembers Rosalie Murray as the lovely, vivacious creature, some years his

BOWEN ON BOOKS

senior, whom he had known in England twenty-five years ago. The woman he meets again is a shock to him: stout, crippled, apathetic, a "lost lady"—though with occasional gleams of her old charm. Now, it is Rosalie's second daughter, sixteen-year-old Vicky—sensitive, ardent, gifted and unformed—who, gradually, engages Vane's attention. Meanwhile, on the household, Vane's visit has the effect of a stone cast into the heart of a sluggish pool.

What an excellent, straightforward, far-seeing novelist Mrs. Gillespie is! If I have relayed, in perhaps too great detail, the opening situation of *Himalayan View*, that is because I would be loth to divulge (and thereby to spoil for you) the ensuing story. The description of this Anglo-Indian summer resort society, with its petty snobberies and enlarged "occasions"—club life, picnics, dances, official garden-party—would be hard to beat. There is a balance kept between tenderness and light satirical comedy—and, throughout, a feeling of rising tension: between Angus and his father, between Vane and Vicky. In the end, I suppose, a novel does stand or fall according to the size (in the psychological sense) and the reality of its characters. The Major, Angus, Vicky and Rosalie should ensure high status for *Himalayan View*. . . . I feel it unbecoming, if not impertinent, for me to correct Mrs. Gillespie in any particular—but how I wish she would say "begin" instead of "commence"!

"CHILDREN OF WRATH" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is the work of an already well-known French novelist, Edmond Buchet: since its appearance, last autumn, in France, under its native title of *Les Enfants de Colère*, it has enjoyed in that country a distinguished success. To the average British reader this novel may seem a trifle French—not merely because it

hinges upon the triangle, the husband, the wife and the lover situation (which is, in fact, becoming almost glumly familiar in fiction here), but because of the priority it gives to specialised, and all-exclusive, emotion.

The husband is, in this case, a psychiatrist—the novel cannot but, as its publishers point out, bear a certain resemblance to Nigel Balchin's *My Own Executioner*: the predicament existing, chiefly, inside the mind of one who, professionally, doctors the minds of others. The wife, Valentine, and the lover, Walter, are,

in fact, well, and comparatively early, out of it: she is murdered; he—but this I must not reveal.

As a matter of fact, I thought the mutual passion of Valentine and Walter (a German-Swiss) somewhat, if anything, Teutonic, in its blend of humourless exaltation, sadism and infantilism. Such a couple did seem to me better dead. As for Theodore, the husband, he is to come upon a strange, stark redemption during the flight from Paris in 1940. . . . The translation, which would appear good, is the work of Marjorie Gabain.

OF *The Holiday Book*, edited by John Singer (William Maclellan; 21s.), I must chiefly say I regret I have not more room left in which to describe, and praise, it. Its aim is a gay, diversified and exhilarating day out for its readers: and this, where I was concerned, it achieved certainly. Did it not make me smile in the black depths of 'flu? Ballads; lightly excellent art and fashion-trend articles; crisp and pointed short stories; pictures, and a stimulating "Guide to Careers" series figure on this attractive bill of fare. If not one, then without fail some other dish should brighten the most jaded and sickly eye.



Mrs. W. K. Whigham, who married Mr. Walter Whigham, O.B.E., the banker, in 1943, has two children, David, born in 1944, and Cynthia, with whom she is seen here. She was formerly Miss Patience Ronald, of Patixbourne, Kent



Lady Lawson, wife of Major Sir Digby Lawson, Bt., J.P., of North Cheriton Manor, Templecombe, Somerset, with her son, Simon Digby. She is a daughter of the late Mr. T. W. Gimson, of Fenton, Staffordshire



Mrs. Harold Phillips with her daughter, Alexandra Anastasia, who was born in Arizona, U.S.A. Mrs. Phillips is the wife of Lt.-Col. Harold Pedro Phillips, Coldstream Guards, and is the elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher

RECORD OF THE WEEK

It is Brunswick 03767 and the singer is Evelyn Knight. She has talent, style and personal charm, all of which she puts across delightfully in her recording of "My Fickle Eye" and "It's My Lazy Day." Both numbers are deftly played by the Tune Twisters and orchestra directed by Bob Haggart, giving the singer a smart and polished accompaniment. Evelyn Knight is a highly successful cabaret artist in New York, blonde and beautiful to wit, and she certainly shows most female singers this side how not to sing. . . . or do I mean speak? . . . American! R. T.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review of Weddings



Williams—Latham

Major David William Bulkely Williams, R.F., only son of the late Captain R. A. Williams, of Tientsin, N. China, and Mrs. R. L. D. Wodehouse, of Hurstbourne, Tarrant, married Miss Frances Felicity Latham, daughter of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Latham, of Robin Post, Hailsham, at Our Lady of Ransome, Eastbourne



Bushnell—Wileur

Major Kenneth A. (Quentin) Bushnell, R.A., only son of Mr. Vincent A. Bushnell and Mrs. Bushnell, of Whitcomb Street, London, married Mlle. Marcelle Albertini Wileur, only daughter of M. Albert Antoine Wileur and Mme. Wileur, of Boisfort, Brussels. They are seen here being congratulated by Lieut.-General E. Luynen, of the Belgian Army



Clarke—Grant Hay

Major Sir Rupert Clarke, Bt., M.B.E., son of the late Sir Rupert Clarke, Bt., and the Marchioness of Headfort, Kells, County Meath, married Miss Kathleen Grant Hay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Grant Hay, of Victoria, Australia, at St. John's, Melbourne



Tarbat—Mendoza

Major Viscount Tarbat, M.C., of Castle Leod, Strathpeffer, Ross-shire, son of Lieut.-Colonel Blunt-Mackenzie and the Countess of Cromartie, married Mrs. Olga Mendoza, of 8, Southwick Street, London, W.2, daughter of the late Stuart Laurance and of Mme. Zive, 27, Rue des Sablons, Paris, at Tarbat House, Kildary, Ross-shire



Aspinall—Moore

Flt./Lieut. and Mrs. Peter Aspinall after the Blessing ceremony of their marriage at the Savoy Chapel, London. The bride was Miss Lucy Campbell Moore, of Sumter, South Carolina, at whose home the wedding took place



Gowan—Davis

Captain Anthony Campbell Gowan, younger son of the late Sir Hyde Gowan, K.C.S.I., I.C.S., and of Lady Gowan, of Newby Bridge, Ulverston, Lancs., married Miss Rosemary Nobel Davis, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Davis, of De Vere Gardens, London, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge



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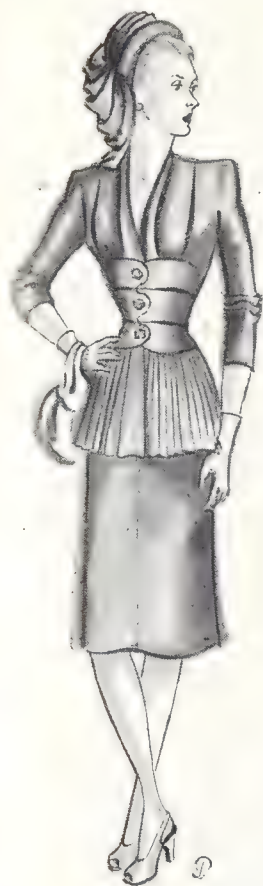
Photographs by Joysmith



THE TAILORED LINE.....

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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Lenore

Miss Mary Drummond Payne is the only child of the late Captain George Drummond Payne and of Mrs. George Drummond Payne. Her engagement is announced to Mr. Thomas Richard Townsend Bucknill, younger surviving son of the late Mr. Thomas Bucknill and of Mrs. Thomas Bucknill



Miss Diana June Williamson-Napier is the daughter of Commander and Mrs. Williamson-Napier of South Africa, whose engagement was announced in October to Lt.-Cdr. A. G. Slemek, R.N.V.R., second son of Canon D. F. and Mrs. Slemek of Maiden Newton, Dorset



Mr. Patrick Donner and his fiancée Miss Pamela Louise Forster. Mr. Donner is M.P. for Basingstoke, and is the son of Mr. Ossian Donner and the late Mrs. Donner; Miss Forster is the youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Forster, of Spring Hall, near Andover



Miss Betty May Slaughter, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. E. W. Slaughter, C.B.E., and of Mrs. Marion L. Slaughter of Rustington, Sussex, who is to be married this month to Major Maurice A. Fry, eldest son of the late Mrs. Fry and of Mr. Edward Fry



Pearl Freeman

Miss Nancy Tate whose engagement was announced in December to Major Philip Keymer, M.C., third son of the late Rev. Bernard Keymer and Mrs. Keymer. Miss Tate is the daughter of the late Captain A. E. T. Tate, D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Tate, of Burley, Hampshire

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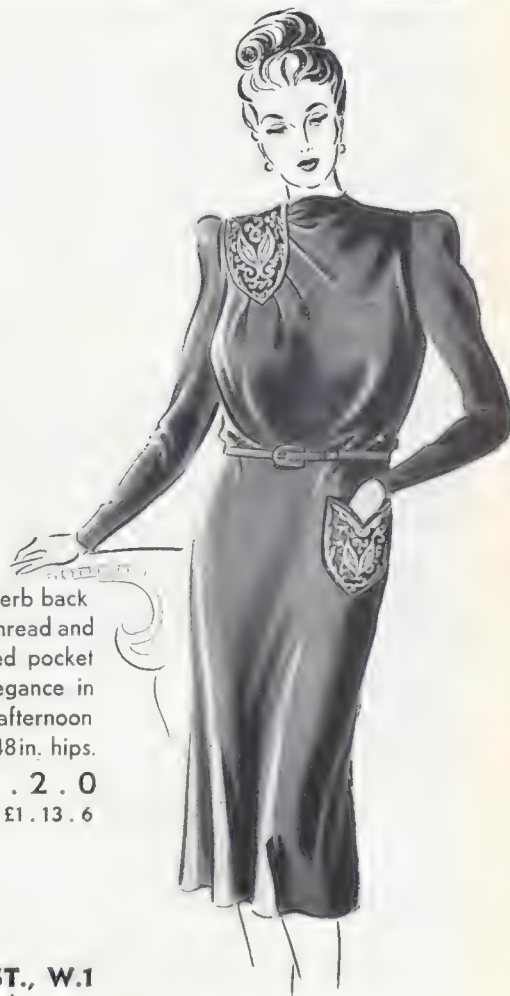


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Oliver Steward on FLYING

I HAVE often argued that, as the platinum-iridium metre bar is the absolute standard of length, so the bottle of gin should be the absolute standard of monetary value. The amount you must pay for it is a measure of the real value of the currency concerned. But it would be difficult to assess the real value of a seat on a Government committee.

So many of my old friends in aviation, who used to spit blood at the mere suggestion that any Government would ever do the things this Government has done, are now well-trained, much-tamed, docile members of various committees created by this, that or the other Ministry.

Polite Suffocation

AND presumably a man with a sense of loyalty who accepts a position on a Government committee, must feel bound to accept Government measures. The consequence is that you only have to create enough committees with enough members to silence your critics. Instead of sending some particularly unpleasant critic a nice Christmas present, you appoint him to a committee.

Obviously I am exaggerating the position somewhat; but I am none the less certain that there is a great dearth of independent critics, and that independent critics are the things aviation most needs at the present moment. In fact, aeronautical advances—especially in safety—depend much more on the independent critics and on their power of making themselves heard than on de-icing equipment or anything else.

Pilots Must Speak Up

FOR instance I have still not seen the matter of the Dakota all-up weight thrashed out fully. Statements have been made about what is and what is not safe, and about what loads should be allowed; but the voice of the persistent and usually irritating questioner has not been heard. Why is there a cleavage



Mr. Richard Greenough, formerly a squadron leader in the R.A.F., with his wife, Mrs. Muriel M. Allison-Laurence of Long Island, New York, on the Charles Bridge in Prague, in which city they were married. Mr. Greenough is Director of Public Information for the British Zone of Germany

between what the Civil Aeronautics Board of America think right and what our own Ministry of Civil Aviation, advised by the Air Registration Board, think right?

Nor do I feel that the British Air Line Pilots Association has come out of the problem too well. It began by saying that it thought the Dakota should be limited to a lesser load than that officially accepted; then, when the Air Safety Board had reported, it reversed, or modified, its original view to conform to that of the Air Safety Board.

We do expect our pilots to give the public a firm, unswerving lead in these matters. We do not expect them to be influenced by the findings of committees but by what they themselves know directly of the handling of the aircraft. My own reading of the situation is that you can operate a Dakota at 34,000 lb. if you like; but that when you are carrying paying passengers you do not, unless you are foolish, operate it at over the American figures of 25,200 lb.

The Safety Season

AND now let us hope that I shall not have to talk about air accidents again for a long time. The statistics suggest that we should now be entering a safer period, for air accidents since the very beginning have been related to the season of the year.

Around Christmas they usually occur most frequently while they drop to a minimum about midsummer. I do not blame people from being put off air travel by the recent series; but I think it is worth noting that if statistics mean anything we can expect greater safety on the air lines from now on until the weather begins to get wintry again in November.

And incidentally it is worth noting that this statistical rise and fall of the incidence of air accidents with the bad and good weather seasons, suggests very strongly that the main causes are to be found in other things than the aeroplanes and engines themselves.

New Plans for New Towns

IT is surprising to learn that air survey was not used for the preliminary studies of terrain and aspects for the site selection for the new towns. One would have imagined that the first step of all would have been to construct with the aid of air photographs the completest picture of the neighbourhoods where new towns were contemplated.

I feel that in this country we are seriously neglecting air survey. The town and country planners are desperately busy; but, without air surveys of the whole country, they are really doing nothing other than guessing.

We urgently need a thorough air survey of the entire British Isles. Until we have it we cannot hope to use the country with the highest possible efficiency.

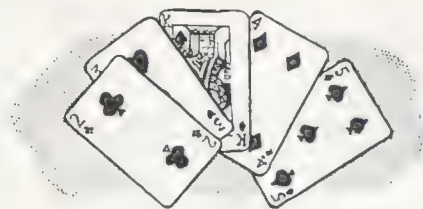
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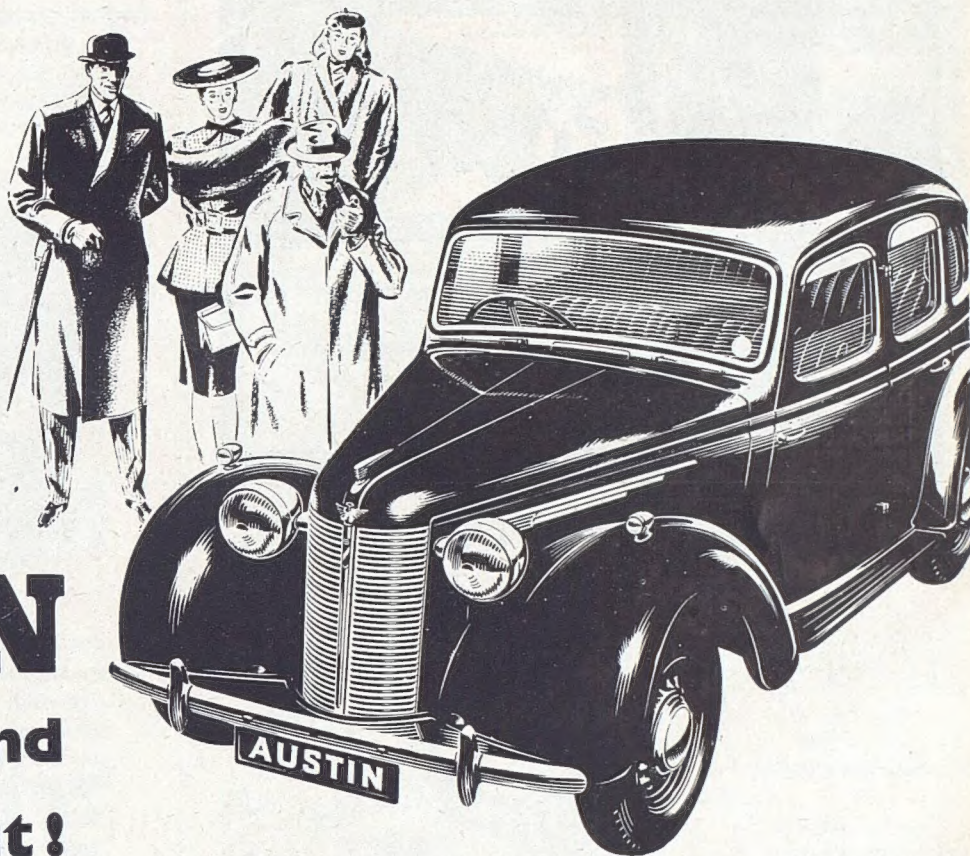
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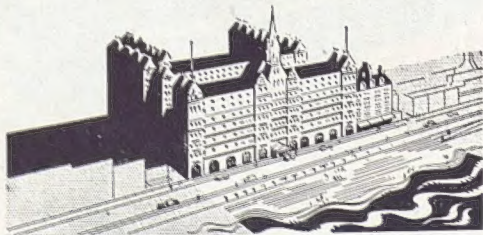
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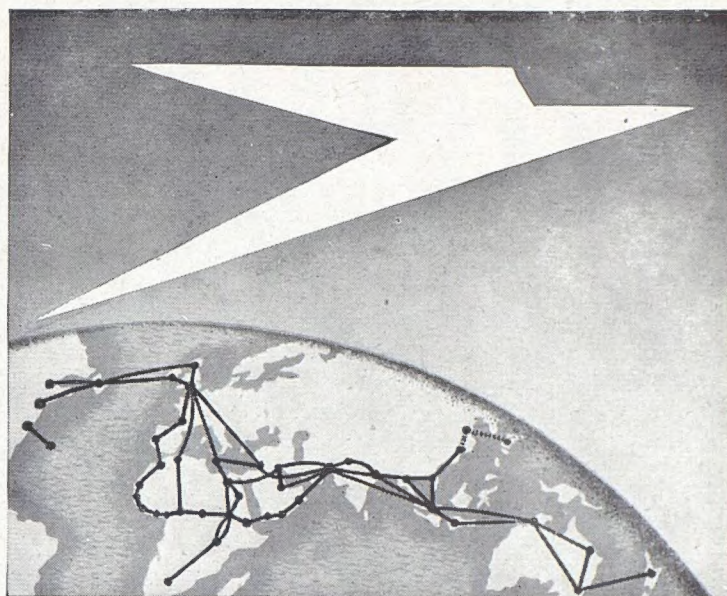
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